

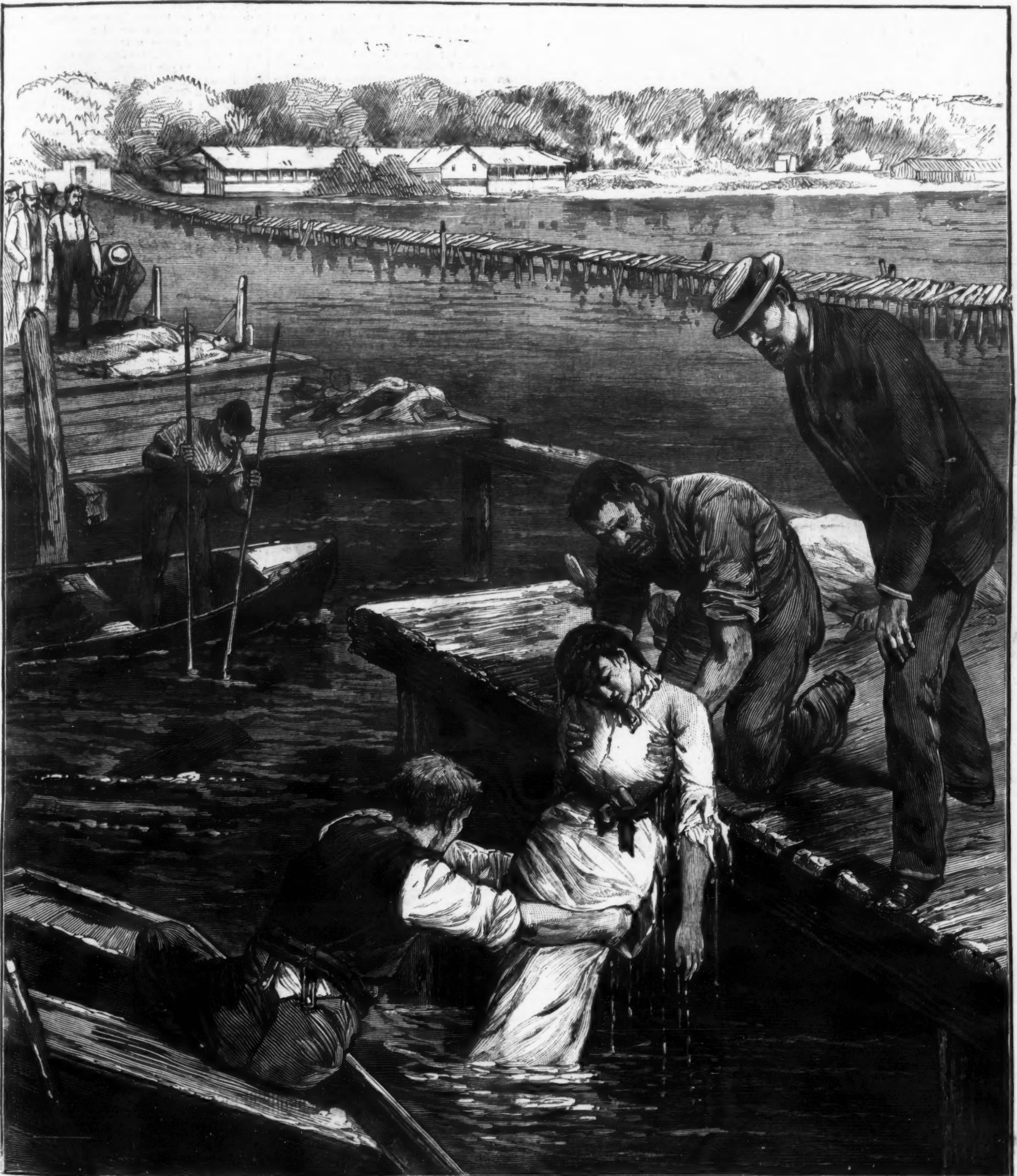
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MARYLAND.—THE FATAL DISASTER AT TIVOLI, JULY 23^d—RECOVERING THE BODIES OF VICTIMS ON THE MORNING AFTER.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 980.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1883.

FAILURE OF THE DEMAGOGUE.

"DEMAGOGUE" is a comparatively modern word in our language, having been first used by Milton. Old Bailey, in his Dictionary, a century and a half ago, gave it two opposite definitions:—"A leader of the people; a ringleader of the rabble." But in more recent use it has the opprobrious sense alone. However ardently General Butler and Dennis Kearney may aspire to be leaders of the people, they would deem it no compliment to be called demagogues. It is distinctly a term of political reproach. And yet there is a widespread feeling that in this country of universal suffrage the demagogue is likely to be successful, just because he is a "ringleader of the rabble." But it is a false impression. It arises from a confusion of terms. In this country the people are not the rabble, and any true leader of the people cannot be also a ringleader of the rabble. The masses of men who by their votes control this Government instinctively know their proper leaders; they admire ability, they appreciate honesty of purpose, and they suspect the eyecatcher. They may be deceived and dazzled for a time, but in the long run they know very well which of Bailey's definitions to apply to the smooth-tongued wire-puller and the loud-mouthed howler of the sand lots, who seek to use their votes for selfish purposes.

In fact, we may say that the American demagogue, as yet, is a failure. He has been the terror of statesmen from the beginning. The elder Adams, who was a believer in popular government, when he heard that Aaron Burr had received as many votes as Jefferson, wrote to Elbridge Gerry in despair, of "the humiliation of seeing this dexterous gentleman rise, like a balloon filled with inflammable air, over the heads of the old patriots," and exclaimed, "what course is it we steer, and to what harbor are we bound?" But his fears were unfounded; Burr was not a success, and after the lapse of nearly a century we can assert that it has not been the demagogues—the ringleaders of the rabble—who have ruled this country, but that, on the whole, the men who have combined ability with honesty of purpose—the leaders of the people—have controlled the course of popular government, both in the States and the nation.

The discomfiture of Dennis Kearney in his appeal to the workmen of New York is a striking confirmation of this view of the business prospects of the demagogue. He is a typical instance of the rabble-ringleader, and when he emerged from the sand-lots some years ago and made his portentous raid upon the East, he spread amongst sober people something of the terror expressed by John Adams, when Burr stood even with Jefferson in the Presidential vote. There were vague forebodings of popular commotion and the disturbance of society, through the power of a new leader; but he raved and howled after his kind, and then collapsed—he had not even the following of a rabble. And now, when he comes again, he fares even worse; he is treated as a nuisance. The people are long suffering even with demagogues; they listen to them, they are amused by them, and they sometimes encourage them to display their arts and go through their paces. But it will not do to overtax popular patience, and when that point is reached there is an end of them. Dennis Kearney has received his quietus. Nobody will now dignify him with the name of demagogue; he is simply a political nuisance; let us get rid of him.

But it would not be fair to treat such a man as Kearney as a modern illustration of the failure of the demagogue. We have higher examples. Aaron Burr got as many votes as Jefferson, but he was not the President of the United States. Samuel J. Tilden was only one vote behind Hayes, and he, too, missed the prize. Notwithstanding the dexterous effort to inflate his balloon, it does not seem likely that he will prove an exception to the rule that the business of the demagogue is not steadily profitable in this country. The descendants of John Adams, who see General Butler in the chair first occupied by John Hancock, may repeat the wall of their ancestor, "What course do we steer and whither are we bound?" but they may take the comfort of the Psalmist, "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and lo he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found."

Moreover, the true leaders of the people—those who use their abilities and influence unselfishly for the good of their country need not fear the demagogues. They can say, as Charles II. did to his brother James when he warned him not to

expose himself to popular anger: "You may depend upon it that nobody will ever think of killing me to make you king."

THE CHOLERA VISITATION.

WHILE it is not probable that the cholera will reach our shores during the present season, it is satisfactory to learn that our health authorities, here and elsewhere, are keenly alive to the importance of a strict enforcement of the quarantine laws and the adoption of all possible sanitary precautions. The Health Officer states that the quarantine regulations are so vigilantly maintained at this port against all vessels arriving from the west coast of Africa, the Mediterranean, the eastern coasts of South America and Central America, the Windward and Leeward Islands and ports in the Gulf of Mexico, that it is impossible for either cholera or yellow fever to effect a lodgment on shore; while at the same time the President of the Health Department assures us that the city is exceptionally clean and better prepared than ever before to resist an epidemic attack. There is still room, however, for improvement in this direction. At New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore and other ports, especial precautions have been adopted to prevent the admission of infected vessels into their waters, and it is to be hoped that every point at which the dreaded diseases might enter will speedily be efficiently guarded.

Meanwhile, the reports of the cholera ravages in Egypt continue to be of the most distressing character, the whole country being apparently given up to the plague. In Cairo the deaths number five hundred or more daily, and the mortality is no longer confined to the natives, several British soldiers having fallen victims to the disease. Notwithstanding the fearful spread of the deadly visitor, the authorities are still comparatively idle, doing nothing effective to stay its progress or abate the conditions which foment it. The native population, of course, controlled by the blind fatalism which teaches them that pestilences are by visitation of Providence and not to be averted by any forethought or precaution, will adopt no means of sanitation unless compelled to do so by the municipality or the State, and these failing, not a single barrier remains to stay the progress of the grim destroyer. It is difficult to understand why the British military authorities did not at the outset establish and enforce such a police and sanitary supervision of the infected towns and cities as was fairly demanded by the circumstances; and they will, we fancy, find it difficult to justify their indifference and inefficiency to other nations which may suffer from them. Even Englishmen, should the cholera presently invade London, will fail to find excuses for the criminal inefficiency or stupidity which made such an invasion possible.

WOMAN'S EMPLOYMENTS.

IT is said that fully one-half the female adult population of the City of New York are dependent upon their own labor for a livelihood. Obviously, their facilities for doing this should at least be equal to those possessed by men, and if they may not expect any favor in consequence of their sex, they should at least receive justice and fair play. We go further, and insist that females whose circumstances are such that they must fight their way in the struggle for existence, should receive a special training to fit them for the occupation they intend to follow.

The low prices women are generally paid for their labor is due largely to the want of special training and to competition. When women learn to successfully perform other labors than sewing and teaching, it is but reasonable to suppose that the remuneration paid them for the same amount of work will be equal to that paid to men. The fact that it is not so now is probably largely due to the circumstance that the woman who enters into competition with man in any industrial pursuit so rarely excels as to be in no position to enforce a change of the wage-rate in her individual behalf. Of the occupations in which women engage, the humblest, such as the rougher forms of domestic service, and trades that demand mere manual mechanical labor, possibly require no very special training. In the higher vocations a thorough technical course is necessary, and it is only of late years that such training has been at all possible to females without great difficulty. It is still true that women labor under disabilities in this respect, but it is also true that they are furnished increased facilities for doing better what, until of late years, they could only do imperfectly, or not at all.

Doubtless, the fact that the majority of women view their calling as a temporary makeshift, and not as a means of support for a lifetime, has a tendency to prevent that degree of efficiency that, under other circumstances, might be expected. Marriage with nearly all women is looked forward to as the ultimate object of destiny,

and the pursuit of an occupation is merely, in the majority of cases, an expedient either to prepare them to enter that state, or to fill up the interval between the present and that most important period. Unfortunately the dread of engaging in any but the so-called genteel employments is not confined to women, though in the case of the latter, the choice of a profession is more liable to result in social ostracism unless her field of labor is within the prescribed limits of respectability. When girls realize the dignity of labor, they will not be prevented from engaging in any honorable service from a slavish fear of a loss of caste. A false pride and a foolish desire to seem richer and better than they are is the cause of more than half the misery of people in civilized countries especially.

That the industrial employment of women is not regarded as socially degrading in other countries is evident from the fact that, of the forty girls attending the School for Training Girls to proficiency in the art of type-setting and its accessories at Berlin, all were of good position socially, being daughters of landed proprietors, clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters and Government officials. It is also a noteworthy fact that Queen Victoria's daughters were taught a knowledge of cooking, and that for years no day passed in the palace without some article of food prepared by the Princesses being placed on the table. In France and Germany, and even in England, there are colleges of gastronomy, where instructions are given in the art of cooking and domestic economy generally, and German ladies of the highest rank consider their education incomplete without a knowledge of the preparation of the various articles of food.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

THE effect of the telegraphers' strike on business has not been so serious as might have been expected, for the reason that at this time of the year legitimate trade is almost at a standstill. Many merchants are at the Summer resorts, and there is little business, except transactions in options, in any of the more important branches of commerce. The trading in grain "futures," owing to the difficulty of communicating with Chicago, has decreased materially, while the merely speculative business in stocks, cotton, petroleum, coffee, iron and provisions, has likewise been curtailed through the slowness, irregularity and inefficiency of the telegraphic service between New York and important markets at the South and West. This decrease in speculation, however, need excite no regret; it recalls anew the truism that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. At the same time legitimate trade has necessarily suffered to some extent by the strike, and should it continue a week or so longer, the results may indeed prove serious.

There is little business in raw cotton just now, and the sales by auction on Thursday of no less than 11,000 packages of cotton goods show not only that the regular market for these fabrics is very slow just now, but that there is a burdensome surplus on hand. The cholera epidemic in Egypt is having a stimulating effect on our foreign trade in grain, and dealers are encouraged by advancing prices in England, where it is feared that the Suez Canal may become useless for commercial purposes should the plague continue or increase, and that then the grain-ships from India would be obliged to take the long and tedious route around the Cape of Good Hope. The iron trade in some parts of the country is not in a very encouraging state; but, taken as a whole, the indications for the Fall are not unfavorable. In fact the outlook for trade in general is far from gloomy. We shall, therefore, soon need all the great telegraph lines of the country, and it is to be hoped that, through mutual concessions, some understanding will be reached between the employers and the employees. The American Rapid Company has taken a wise step in settling its operators to work at some increase in their wages.

The business community, as a class, undoubtedly sympathizes with the strikers, and it is to the credit of human nature that merchants, brokers and speculators, should thus range themselves on the side of those whom they believe to be in the right. It is all the more creditable from the fact that the mercantile class has perhaps been more inconvenienced by the strike than any other portion of the population. Corporations that water their stock from \$500,000 in 1858 to \$80,000,000 in 1882, and declare dividends of seven per cent., wrung from overworked and under-paid employees, when the entire plant of the company might be replaced for \$25,000,000, plainly merit the reprobation of right-thinking people everywhere.

LIVES WORSE THAN WASTED.

WITH sporadic exceptions, the worst use a man can be put to is to kill him. The same principle applies to men who kill themselves while engaged in some fool-

hardy enterprise, the end and object of which is simply its achievement without any reference at all to the promotion of any useful purpose. As to the ordinary and more vulgar run of suicides, it is an open question whether the world is not the better for the self-conducted taking off of any person weak enough to anticipate the natural course of events. For argument's sake, at least, we may readily grant that such is the fact, for there are none who have undergone the experience who will dispute it.

The foolish throwing away of a life that might have been put to good service in many ways, was the drowning of Captain Webb in the whirlpool at Niagara Falls the other day. It recalls the end of Sam Patch, who leaped to his death over the Genesee Falls at Rochester, and of many other similar spectacular deaths which have been the sole reward of an abominable banking after notoriety. Some men, afflicted with this same disease, go up in balloons; others cross the ocean in absurd toy crafts; some put their heads into the jaws of lions at menageries; others ride down the White Mountains on bicycles. And there is just enough of pluck and dare-devil hardihood in all these exploits to commend them to people who have an exaggerated appreciation for the brute bravery that faces extraordinary dangers with vivid possibilities of a fatal ending.

It is easy to say that all this is but the development of a misapplied bravery, of a misdirected force; but so long as the public will pay its money, or encourage by its presence the hazard of life for money or the applause of a mob, so long will such exhibitions be given.

In so far as Captain Webb by his performances succeeded in awakening greater attention to the necessity of learning how to swim, and the acquiring of skill and experience in handling one's self in the water, his life was useful; but the tendency of the life of a man who exhibits himself in a specialty is to go to extremes, to outdo not only all rivals and all previous records, but to perform some one feat that shall settle at once and for ever the matter of pre-eminence. Hence lives of this sort are nearly always failures. It is easy to see how, for example, Captain Webb's great endurance and perfect control of himself in the water could have been utilized to the best effect at a life-saving station, or in some similar employment. If the qualities of heroism and physical endurance which are more than wasted in pursuits having no bearing upon human welfare were honestly employed in the enterprises which look to the cure of man's weaknesses, ignorance and vices, society would be infinitely the gainer, while the individual would be in no sense the loser.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone has abandoned the Suez Canal agreement made with M. de Lesseps, it seems to be certain that a second canal will be constructed. The dimensions of the present canal are unequal to the vast and always growing traffic which passes through it; vessels have to encounter great delays, and disputes arise in consequence; the dues are heavy, and the administration is said to be in many ways vexatious, giving the minor officials, who are, of course, mostly French, opportunities for making unreasonable exactions, even in excess of the heavy tolls and extravagantly heavy pilotage charges. British shipowners find in these facts abundant argument for a new canal, and their interest is predominant, four-fifths of the canal tonnage being British; but they seem to have been violently opposed to the terms of the De Lesseps agreement, and they are now in the curious position of demanding a separate canal which, when built, will be controlled by foreign capital, leaving the British commercial public practically without any means of redressing the grievances so violently complained of. As the case stands, the Government must be conceded to have been wiser than its critics when it accepted the terms of De Lesseps, and, agreeing to the recognition of his rights under the concessions from the Egyptian Government, engaged to settle the canal question in accordance with international equity and on a basis of justice and fair play to all the interests involved. Should the present company build the second canal, the British Government will, it is true, have the option of subscribing to the new stock which will be allowed, but to secure its proprietary rights as the owner of two-fifths of the stock, it would probably have to double its present investment of \$20,000,000, without materially improving its position, whereas under the agreement just abandoned, in which the Government engaged to loan the company eight millions at three and one-quarter per cent., positive advantages were guaranteed in the reduction of tolls and other considerations. In a letter to Mr. Gladstone, De Lesseps declares that the company will in any event enforce these reductions of dues, but this is a mere promise, and the company will quite probably forget to carry it

out when it has once secured absolute control of the new as well as of the old route. A speculator's promise is a very different thing from a regular and legally executed contract.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE French campaigns in the Far East still halt. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has formally stated that France has not declared war against Anam, but he added that, although there is not open war, yet all the acts and language of King Tuduc, and likewise of China and her Ambassadors, have been such that the French must consider themselves at war with Anam. The only fresh news from the scene of conflict is an announcement that the Chinese have prohibited the export of bullocks for the use of the French troops in Tonquin, and detained two cargoes of cattle at Hainan.

The latest news from Madagascar represents that the state of siege at Tamatave is strictly maintained. The British commander a few days ago demanded that the state of siege be raised, but the French admiral refused to comply with the demand. There are four French men-of-war in the harbor, and other French war-ships are en route to that point. The British war ships *Dragon* and *Dryad* have sailed from Tamatave, and the American man-of-war *Enterprise* has gone to Zanzibar. Six English missionaries, with their families, are detained in the interior, and are unable to reach Tamatave.

The cholera continues its ravages in Egypt, and the daily death-roll, elsewhere stated, is appalling. A case of sickness suspected to be cholera has been discovered in the London Docks and another in Wales. The disquieting announcement is made that a cargo of rats from Egypt is on its way to New York or Boston, which it is feared may spread the infection.

King Cetewayo, who has been in trouble with rival chiefs ever since the English restored him to power in Zululand, has at last fallen a victim to his foes. His forces were defeated in a recent fight with heavy loss, and all of his wives and many of his chiefs fell with him.

There is a lull in the Irish agitation, and no important event has occurred during the past week. The report of Mr. Tuke's committee states that in three months 5,327 emigrants were assisted at a cost of £35,000, of which £26,000 were received from the Government. The committee says it hopes that state-aided emigration will be continued several years, so as to relieve the congested districts. It adds that the majority of the holdings vacated by emigrants have been consolidated with those of the neighboring tenants.

The American riflemen have been consoled for their defeat in the recent international match by a luncheon at the Mansion House given by the Lord Mayor of London, a banquet given by the British volunteers, a visit to Windsor Castle, and other attentions at the hands of their victorious rivals.

THE death of Montgomery Blair removes another of the famous politicians of a generation ago. He came of a family which has been long prominent in public affairs, and for many years he was a conspicuous figure on the political stage. He reached the height of his power when Lincoln made him Postmaster-general, and his services to the Union cause more than atone for all the blunders of his career.

It is gratifying to learn that the Government proposes to bring civil suits against the Star Route contractors and other members of the ring for the recovery of money fraudulently obtained from the Treasury. Evidence has been collected showing that ten contractors secured in this way the sum of \$1,073,489, and if this evidence shall be used honestly and effectively, a considerable part of this amount may be recovered. The sureties of the contractors will be held as liable in every case in which a judgment may be obtained and the principal shall fail to pay the sum due.

THE defalcation of State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, and the rather gingerly manner in which the authorities approached the question of his punishment, seriously damaged the reputation of that commonwealth. The injury thus done, however, has been repaired by the exemplary action of the jury which was recently impaneled for his trial on the charge of embezzlement. The character and capacity of these men were severely criticised at the time of their selection, but they have fully vindicated themselves by bringing in a verdict of guilty, and fixing the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for twenty years, with a fine to the full amount of the embezzlement. The whole country is interested in the condign punishment of such swindlers as Polk, and the result of the trial furnishes ground for general congratulation.

THE risks of the Summer hotel business have just been strikingly illustrated in the Catskills. One of the largest houses in that favorite region was well filled with guests, when suddenly a child, who had arrived but two days before, was attacked with scarlet fever. A panic ensued, which within twenty-four hours carried off no less than 150 of the 250 guests, and in another day fifty more, leaving the hotel-keeper almost alone with his servants. As the child undoubtedly brought the disease to the house, no blame whatever attaches to the landlord, yet the unfortunate incident will probably cost him all the anticipated profits of the season, and even damage the reputation of his house in future among unthinking people. Another illustration of the uncertain nature

of this business is afforded by a large and delightfully located hotel on the New Jersey coast, once very popular, which was invaded last year by two cases of typhoid fever, and has stood this Summer practically empty. The public often has just ground for complaint of the exorbitance practiced at Summer resorts, but it is well enough to remember that there is another side to the case.

TORNADOES certainly appear to be growing more numerous all the while, and the present year threatens to show a larger death-roll from this cause than any previous one. There is something particularly depressing about these impressive manifestations of the power of the elements. Science for once seems perfectly helpless; it cannot predict the approach of the calamity, and it cannot disarm its power. The sole safeguard which experience has thus far devised is a retreat to a cave in the ground, and with the growing frequency of tornadoes in the West, a good cave promises to become a necessary feature of every well-appointed house.

THE warfare upon the smoke nuisance in our larger cities is prosecuted in a rather desultory way, but, on the whole, some progress is making. Chicago has just made an encouraging contribution to the discussion and settlement of the problem. A device has been perfected for consuming the smoke of the river tugs, and it works with such success that tugs have run from the river to the lake and back, using soft coal, not only without smoke but without in the least diminishing the steam pressure. Some of the tug companies have already decided to put on the smoke-consumers, and the rest are to be compelled to follow suit. Every such step is not only important for the immediate relief which it affords, but perhaps still more so for the impetus which it gives to the general movement against all smoke nuisances.

THE contest for the Speakership of the next House of Representatives is growing in intensity, but it cannot be said that the indications are as yet at all decisive as to the result. The supporters of Mr. Randall appear to be more compactly organized than those of any other candidate, but Mr. Carlisle has a good many active friends, and he is represented as saying that if an open ballot is taken in the Democratic caucus he will not have the slightest fear of defeat. Mr. Randall is likely to receive some votes from the Southern States which had been regarded as certain to go for Mr. Carlisle; but, on the other hand, the latter will have some support from the East which had been counted for the other candidates. The tariff question promises to enter more and more largely into the contest, and it is, perhaps, safe to predict that in the event of Mr. Randall's success, all hope of any further revision may for the present be abandoned.

PEACE is not yet fully restored to unhappy Peru, but the prospect of an early settlement with Chili appears to be steadily improving. Meetings are being held all over the country to express sympathy with Iglesias, who has asserted his power as President and signed the protocol of a treaty. This provides for the absolute surrender of Tarapaca to Chili, and the cession of Tacna and Arica for ten years, after which their ownership is to be decided by a plebiscite, an arrangement that will undoubtedly lead to their final absorption by Chili. These are hard terms, and Garcia Calderon, the so-called provisional President, finds some support in his protest against their acceptance. It appears, however, as though the majority of the Peruvians were making up their minds that anything is better than a continuance of the anarchy which has so long afflicted their country, and were therefore prepared to sustain Iglesias in his peace policy.

THE arch-informer James Carey, having been smuggled out of Ireland by the British Government, has arrived at his destination in some portion of the British colonies only known to a select few. That his whereabouts will remain a secret for any length of time is simply impossible, since Mr. Carey has a grievance and is pretty certain to air it. No written pardon! no guarantee of protection! no money! not a shilling of blood-money! although thousands of pounds have been bestowed upon others who gave not one-fiftieth of the value rendered by him. To be rudely taken from one's bed in the middle of the night; to be told to "pack off"; to be "hustled" into a cab, shoved on board a steamer, conveyed to London and popped on a vessel going to the colonies, is bad treatment enough, but this without a written pardon, so that he may be tried for murder at any moment, and without the yellow gold to a man of Carey's temperament is simply unendurable. That the world will hear of him ere long goes without saying.

ALTHOUGH the election in Virginia this year is only for members of the Legislature, it virtually involves the political control of the State, and the contest will be fought with great desperation. The straight Democrats held their convention last week, and they feel much encouraged by the full attendance and determined spirit of the delegates, as well as by the return to the fold of several prominent Readjusters, who have become disgusted with Mahone rule. The chief interest of the convention to outsiders centred in the contest over the color line. Some old Bourbons had tried to revive the antiquated cry of a white man's party, but more sensible counsels prevailed, and a platform was adopted which declares in favor of giving the colored people equal educational privileges with the whites, including colored trustees and teachers for the schools of that race. Such a declaration marks progress in a party and a State where progress is sadly needed.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

THE CONDITION OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL LABORERS.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

SIR—"A Freeborn Englishman," who "emphatically denies" the accuracy of Mr. George's statements, is at a loss to conceive from what source he obtained his information. On this point I may enlighten him, as I can state from experience that Mr. George gained his knowledge by personal investigation in the location to which he refers. I wish that I could sustain the rose colored view which "A Freeborn Englishman" takes of the condition of the agricultural laborer in England. For fifty years I have been intimately acquainted with the state of agriculture in the southern part of the country, and during that time the standard wages have varied from one and a half to three and a half dollars per week. In Wiltshire, at the present time, the wages are from two and a quarter to three dollars per week. It must be noted that these are the wages not of boys but of married men and that they are the total wages; no food is given, and, as a rule, the laborers pay rent for a cottage, and always a very high rent for garden land, if they have any. Even the highest rate named is quite inadequate to provide a family with sufficient food of the plainest kind. It costs four dollars per week to provide food for five persons in the poorhouses of Wiltshire. Thus, if a man with a wife and three children spends all his wages for food he would still be short of the poorhouse allowance, which is calculated at a very low rate.

The statement of "A Freeborn Englishman" that it is a rare thing for the aged of the industrial classes to go to the workhouse is entirely contrary to my experience, and I may ask how is it possible for a man to save for old age when he has to maintain himself and his family upon a sum with which economical poor law guardians cannot support paupers?

As to commons, they not only have been but are being inclosed by the owners of land. This is also the case with spaces on the roadside, so that the working classes have lost the means they formerly had for maintaining cows, donkeys, or geese, and children have been deprived of their ancient playgrounds. As to footpaths, these are often closed; but your correspondent is right when he says that interrupting an ancient highway excites the indignation of the people, and sometimes they tear down the obstruction. They did so recently in a case where Mr. E. P. Bouverie shut up a path near Davys, in Wiltshire. Legal proceedings were taken, and, although it was proved that the public had enjoyed the use of the footway for over a century, yet the landlord was enabled to show that during this period the estate had been entailed, so that no owner had the power to give the public a right of way, and thus the path was closed. By these and similar provisions in laws enacted by landlords, it is possible for a landlord to make constant encroachments upon the public; for, if he maintains a claim for twenty years it is established in his favor, but no length of time can legalize the possession by the public against a claim raised by the owners of a family estate. Thus, all the time family estates are growing and the public are losing.

In referring to a case near London, "A Freeborn Englishman" is misleading your readers. The people of London insisted upon exempting an area of fifteen miles around that city from the operation of Commons Inclosure Acts, and, therefore, the instance to which he refers does not apply to England generally.

It must be puzzling to Americans to meet with such different statements respecting English laborers, and as your correspondent does not give the public his name or address, it may be allowable to test his assertions by the internal evidence which his letter affords on the subject of his accuracy. He boldly asserts that "an equal distribution of property is the general principle that underlies" Mr. George's article. I challenge him to refer to a single paragraph in any of the voluminous writings of Mr. George which justifies the idea that he advocates an equal distribution of property. Mr. George's writings are a protest against the confiscation by landlords of property created by industry, and the statement that he advocates an equal distribution of property is entirely unfounded.

Neither is your correspondent more happy in the assertion of his own principles than in his misrepresentation of Mr. George's views. He tells us that "a man obtains in England, as in America and elsewhere, just so much for his labor as his labor is worth, according to the law of supply and demand." One illustration from each side of the Atlantic will disprove this assertion. In Wiltshire, England, thousands of acres of excellent land are uncultivated, while thousands of half-starved but willing workmen demand an opportunity for growing food for themselves and families. The land remains out of cultivation, and the laborers remain without work, solely because a landlord stands upon the land, and says to every farmer who wants to cultivate it, "You shall not do so unless you pay me six dollars an acre per annum, with an increase in future if I choose to demand it at the expiration of any year." If a workingman comes to the landlord and says to him, "Please let me have five acres of that land, upon which I will work and grow food for my own family and others," the landlord replies, "You shall not have that land unless you pay me fifteen dollars an acre per annum"; and when the workingman asks why it is proposed to charge him so much more than is charged the farmer, the landlord tells him, "We do not want workingmen to

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

NEW salt wells have been discovered near Gousson, N. Y.

THE Japanese Government will send a fine exhibit to the Boston Exhibition.

EXTENSIVE counterfeiting of Dominion notes of large denominations is suspected.

THE mandamus applied for by the Anti-Potter Trustees of Union College has been denied.

THERE was a heavy frost one night last week in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

THE differences between the Iowa coal miners and coal operators have been settled by arbitration.

UNITED STATES detectives have captured a portion of an organized gang of highway robbers in West Virginia.

A FATAL duel with pitchforks was fought by two colored farm laborers at High Grove, Ky., one day last week.

INTERNAL revenue collections for the past year reached \$144,553,366, and all was faithfully turned into the Treasury.

THE annual regatta of the United States National Amateur Association of Oarsmen will take place at Newark, N. J., August 10th.

IT is said that the Catholic clergy in the United States will follow the instructions of the Pope in regard to Mr. Farnell and his followers.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR visited this city last week, and subsequently started for Louisville, Ky., whence he will proceed, after opening the Exposition, to the Yellowstone region.

THE strike of the New York cloakmakers is steadily progressing towards victory. Two of the largest firms and several of the contractors have acceded to their operators' demands.

SAMUEL J. HOWARD, one of the wealthiest colored men in the United States, died in Brooklyn last week. He made several hundred thousand dollars in real estate investments.

EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY BLAIR, who has been ill for some time at the family residence, Silver Spring, Md., and who was supposed to be convalescent, died last week.

THE engineer in charge of improvements to the South Pass, mouth of the Mississippi River, makes a very favorable showing as the result of narrowing the waterway by jetties and wing dams.

EX-TREASURER POLK, of Tennessee, has been found guilty of embezzlement and sentenced to pay a fine to the full amount of the sum stolen and to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for twenty years.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature, convened in special session to consider the subject of a Congressional reapportionment, has so far failed to pass a Bill on the subject, the Senate and House being unable to agree.

CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE, chief of General Crook's staff, was married last week to Miss Mollie Horbach, daughter of the wealthiest citizen of Omaha. The couple have sailed for Europe on a six months' bridal tour.

THE New Hampshire Legislature continued its halting for a United States Senator last week, without result. A conference of the Republican members failed to agree upon any plan for putting an end to the deadlock.

THE balance of the three and a half per cent. Government bonds, amounting to \$32,000,000, will be retired November 1st. Any future reductions in the debt must be made in the three per cent. bonds, of which there are now outstanding about \$305,000,000.

DURING the month of June seventeen furnaces went out of blast, making a total of eighty three that have ceased operations during the year. The cause of this shutting down is over-production, which followed the great falling off in the demand for iron and steel during the last twelve months.

THE telegraph strike still continues. The American Rapid Company has compromised with the strikers, but the Western Union holds out. The officers of the Knights of Labor have issued their first requisition to the district assemblies of that organization for funds to support the striking operators.

THE Grand Army of the Republic reunion in Denver, Col., last week, was a grand success. Veterans were present from all parts of the Union, and the parade of the Grand Army Posts was witnessed by 20,000 people. During last year 971 new posts were established, with a gain of 55,076 members. Robert B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander in chief.

ALLAN CAMPBELL has resigned the comptroller-ship of New York city, because of seriously impaired constitution and failing health, rendering a surrender of office at times absolutely necessary. The Comptroller was peremptorily ordered by his physicians to take the step, so that he could go on an extended sea voyage and be entirely free from the cares and responsibilities of office.

Foreign.

IT is reported that the Spanish Minister to Mexico has been recalled.

THE British Government has decided not to quarantine shipping arriving at English ports.

A BRITISH commander has decided to have demanded that the state of siege in Madagascar be raised. Admiral Parre refused the request.

THE *Irish Times* says that James Carey, the informer in the trials of the Phoenix Park murderers, has arrived at one of the British colonies.

IT is reported that Prince Bismarck will continue to negotiate with the Vatican for the settlement of the differences between it and Prussia.

MR. PACKARD, the American Consul at Liverpool, has appointed a doctor to inspect passengers and cargoes of vessels bound for the United States.

LORD PENZANCE, Dean of the Court of Arches, has sentenced the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, the well known R. C. priest, to deprivation of his ecclesiastical preferment, with costs.

GENERAL WALLACE, the American Minister at Constantinople, has sent a fresh note to the Porte demanding a prolongation of the treaty of commerce between Turkey and the United States, but agreeing to a revision of the tariff.

THE uprising in Ecuador against the rule of the Dictator Venustiano has been successful. The rebels, led by Alfaro, entered Guayaquil, where the Dictator had made a final stand, on the 9th instant. Venustiano fled with all speed. The people of Ecuador will soon ballot for a new President, and it seems probable that Alfaro, who has gained more glory than any one else in the struggle against the Dictator, will be chosen to that office.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 387.



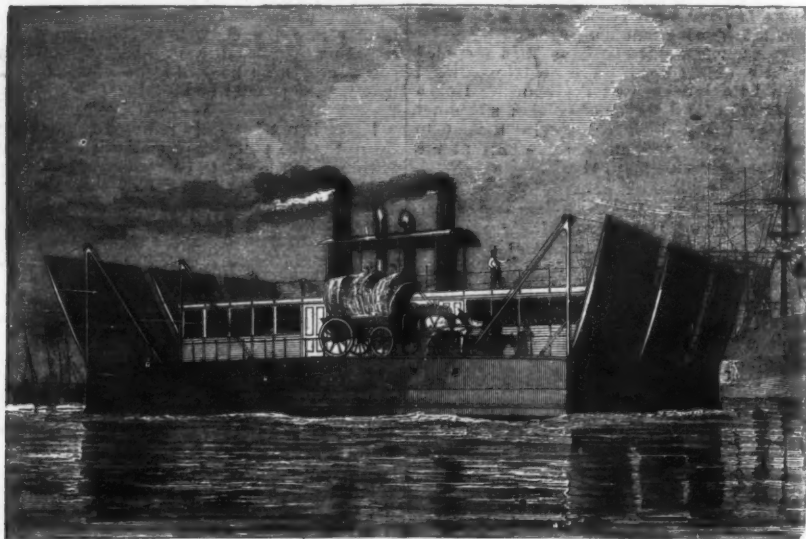
SPAIN.—BARBARITIES OF THE "BLACK HAND" CONSPIRATORS—THE BODY OF ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS DISCOVERED BY THE CIVIL GUARD NEAR VILLA-MARTIN.



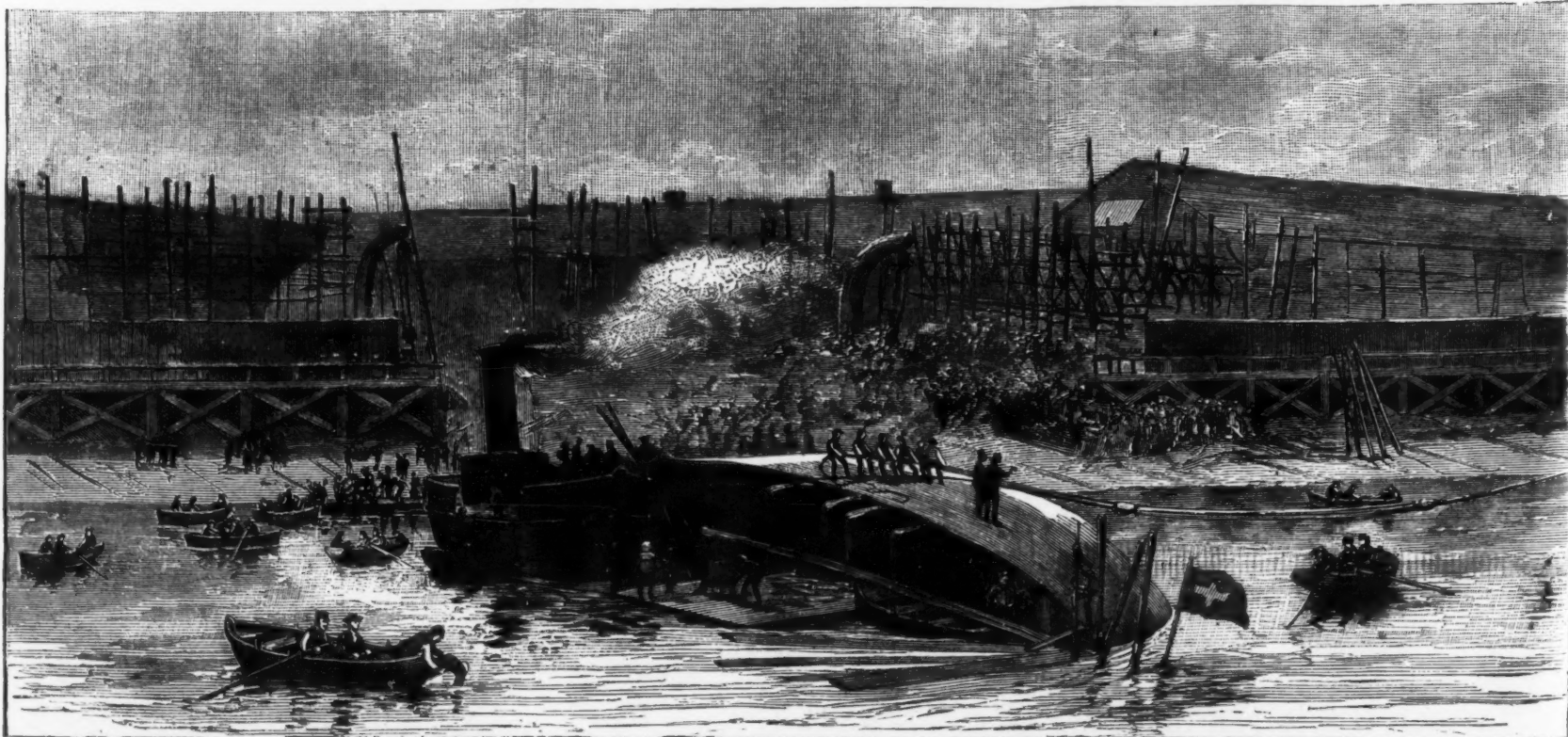
FRANCE.—THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING THE COUNT DE PARIS AND SUITE AT FROESDORF, JULY 7TH.



TONQUIN.—THE CAPTURE OF NAM DINH—FIRING THE HOTCHKISS REVOLVING CANNON FROM THE MIZZEN OF THE FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR "PLUVIER."



AUSTRALIA.—A NOVEL STEAM FERRYBOAT AT MELBOURNE.



GREAT BRITAIN.—SCENE OF THE RECENT SHIP-LAUNCH DISASTER ON THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW—SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES.

MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.

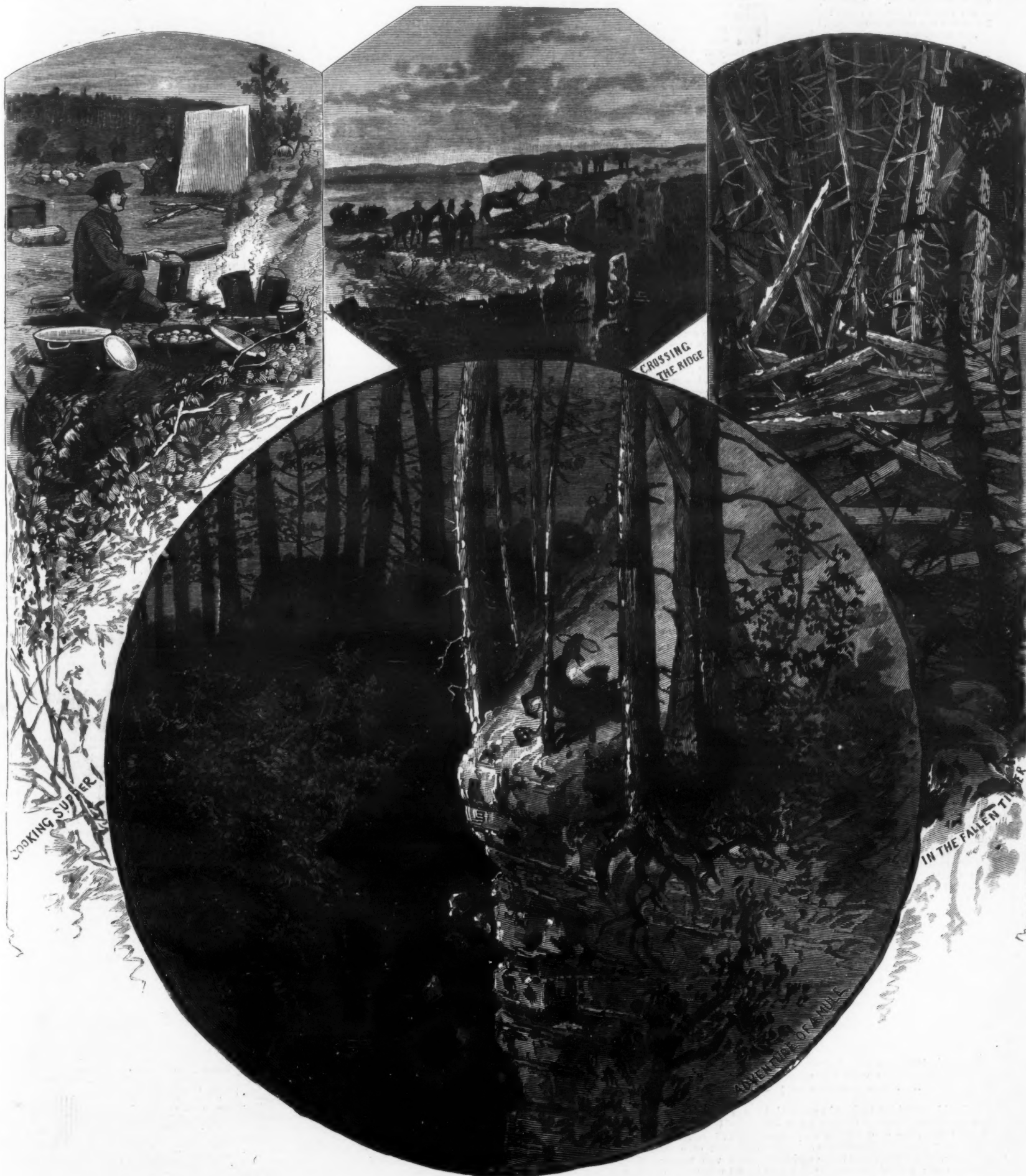
COLORADO, recent as has been her admission to the Federal sisterhood, enjoys the deserved reputation of being the chief sanitary State of the Union. Thither his from all lands tourists who are afflicted with pulmonary disorders, who are rheumatic or dyspeptic, in a state of nervous prostration, or worried or dilapidated by business cares and the manifold worries which belong to all degrees of Old and New World civilization. Bodily and mental repair are speedily obtained by those who will go there and abandon the cities and organized routes of travel; who will go into the mountains west of the Main Divide provided with appropriate camp equipage, shoot deer, mountain sheep, grouse, elk, bear and antelope, and bait for trout in the cool and swift streams which water this great mountain upheaval. The lowlands of Colorado in this longitude

manly flesh and a hearty ringing voice, strengthening the lungs, and giving energy to the frame and a wonderful and renewed elasticity to the mind. This is, perhaps, because all is primitive freshness—that the food is rich and that no French cuisine, iced drinks, or death-dealing stimulants are either craved or obtainable. Even to the laziest native disposition there is little tendency to lay or bask in idleness. The scene, the opportunity, the very air invite constant effort, and the health-seeker is not slow to become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the mountaineer.

Let us look at a day of camp life as we draw it from our memory of happy experiences had among these mountains, which are pictured in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle going from peak to valley is healthy in the end, but as the closing hours of the day draw on, a hungering for repose

park, so that they cannot wander to a fugitive distance; for by sunrise the animals must be again at our tent-doors for a fresh start. Such a place the head packer found one evening on the bank of the Roaring Fork—a swift mountain stream in the Elk Mountains. The men descended the side-hill of a deep gulch, thickly timbered by spruce and pine; in the bottom below were acres of waving grasses, and here and there the conical Indian lodges, showing that it had been a favorite camping-ground of the Utes. The head of the train, the cook, was mounted on a large bay horse, forded an arm of the Roaring Fork, and the "outfit" came to a halt in the shadow of a steep mountain. Alternate showers of rain and bursts of sunshine, common in the Elk Range, were giving variety to every hour. The cook selected a large cedar under which to build his fire. He unpacked his mess-boxes, took them there for shelter, while the party

ion. He captures your heart, too, and you know him by such names as "Haggy," "Jake," "Mollie" and "Mike"—an indignity you would not think of putting on the superb and magisterial horse. Under way the mule is alert in keeping sure that he is on solid ground, although he sometimes touches no a treacherous bog, when his spasmodic action is a rapid exhibition of *saute qui peut*. On one occasion during the expedition the pack-mule on the brow of a side hill 600 feet high, with all of the scientific notes and valuable instruments of the party, embracing three months' labor of the scientific corps, valued at \$30,000, missed his footing on the Elk trail, slipped into a bog, and went rolling over and over down the mountain side, and was only arrested in his downward flight into the deep and precipitous cañon, 2,000 feet below, by a slender sapling, which proved the salvation of animal and pack. In the fallen timber, caused by storm and forest-fire,



COLORADO.—EXPERIENCES OF AN EXPEDITION AMONG THE ELK MOUNTAINS.
FROM SKETCHES BY A. S. SOUTHWORTH.

are about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the loftiest peaks, like those of Uncompahgre and others lying in the lateral ranges to northward, reach summits nearly 15,000 feet above the ocean tide.

From any mountain top superb views of the vast outlying country can be had, taking in a view on a clear day embracing an area as large as the State of Massachusetts, and affording distinct vistas in all directions, where one can count as many as three hundred peaks rising above the horizon, with green bottoms watered by wide and numerous streams, on whose banks may be seen, drinking of the refreshing rivers, the wild animal life, from the doe and the roe to the gigantic elk, from which latter these mountains take their name.

But it is the camp life which is the health restorer, which brings color to the cheek, vivacious spirits, a strong appetite, sweet sleep, and hard,

is evident in the serious mien and silent tongue. The pack-train does not come to its camping-ground, therefore, with the joyous hilarity, flux of spirits, with which it sets out in the morning. If the march has been a serious one—thirty miles up-hill and down-dale—the mules are jaded, the horses catch at the green shrubs for a passing bit of provender, and the packs become cruel burden. The head packer, the all-in-all of the expedition (for such may be called a properly organized party, the basis of which is congeniality) assumes the gravity of the executive officer of a ship, bringing the vessel to anchor in an unprotected roadstead. Like the thoughtful seaman, he must ignore the men and consider the safety of the cargo and transport, for they are menaced by many dangers. His first anxiety is water. The camp must be pitched beside a stream. He must have timber for the cook, grasses for the animals, and a mountain-locked

assisted to unload the other mules, placing the cargo in line of battle, near the mess-boxes, covering all with tarpaulins. The five tents were up in the twinkling of an eye. The horses and mules with long lariats are turned loose to graze, the bell horse keeping up the monotonous ringing which keeps them in common company. When dusk comes on the packers go out to picket the animals at half-lariat, and the truant occasions no little trouble and anxiety. It generally takes two mounted men, who are swift riders, to drive him to the rendezvous; and this is not accomplished without a cunning resolve, stubbornly adhered to on the part of the mules, to make the chase a lively affair indeed.

The mule is the locomotive of the forest. Without him what could indeed be done? He is intelligent, "shifty," clear-headed, sure-footed, patient, and, withal, a picturesque and fairly good companion.

they show great astuteness, as also when threading the narrow passages which connect great upheavals of columnar rocks, where, if they made a false step, they would be dashed to pieces in the chasms thousands of feet below. These dangers are faithfully portrayed by the artist.

Parties seeking the mountains are already outfitting at Denver, Cañon City and Leadville, and beyond the Main Divide, and they usually spend three months in this health-giving life in valley and in mountain-top, whence thousands annually return with renewed constitutions to tell their friends who go to Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport that, after all, Summer fashionable dissipation may be cheerful for the time, but that there is nothing so salutary for a fresh ten years' lease of health as "roughing it" in the wilds of Colorado.

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

AWAKE.

RISE up, rise up, O dreamer!
The eastern sky is red;
The trumpet's note is calling,
The storm is overhead.

Down in the trodden highway
Goes to and fro the crowd;
About the market-places
The tumult waxes loud.

And all around are pressing,
Darkness behind, before;
Souls low and heavy-laden
In struggle sad and sore.

These are thine own, thy nearest,
For this brief human space;
Break not thy bonds before-time,
Nor spurn the earth-bound place.

For over-sweet is slumber
So near the dawn of day;
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"
The signals seem to say.

O Christ! whose hour of coming
The stars of morning keep,
Let me be found to meet Thee,
Waking, and not asleep.

HARRIET ELEANOR KING.

MY LOVE HE WENT A SAILING.

IT was a lonely little house and Aunt Prim lived in it—a lonely little house, tucked under the pines, with its green-eyed palings staring down the road and its back yard jammed against the mountain.

Some women have a talent for growing old. Aunt Prim looked as if she had been born so—as if, somehow, Nature had varied her usual routine and quarried her out, or dug her up, or rained her down, or—

Long and narrow, like Barbara Allen's grave, was Aunt Prim with frost bitten hair and a face that looked like the brown, withered kernel of a nut. Her cheeks were ditched with wrinkles that crawled in and across each other like tangled threads and there were lines about her mouth that Time could never have drawn there without calling Trouble to his aid.

Trouble! If Miss Pamela Burton could have carried her woes to market, and sold them, her wealth would have rivalled that of the diamond-crested Princess of Bagdad, who ordered fried angels for tea! Jack alone, as a salable affliction, was worth his weight in nuggets—and as to Jack's dear friends.

Not that she would, for one inhuman minute, have dreamed of trading off her scapegrace, or all he came home regularly irregular with twists in his ankles and ungodly words that ought to have, but did not, blister his tongue; for was he not the only son of that only sister under the gay weeds of a Kentucky churchyard and did he not bear the name of that other Jack at the bottom of the everlasting seas?

There comes a Jack of some sort into most women's lives, and Aunt Prim had never forgotten the blue-dannel-clad lover who had gone down to the sea in a ship that in its turn had gone down under it in a storm. He was the one shining mark in her youth, and death had loved it—poor Aunt Prim!

Then after many drab colored years, Jack had come into her life. A lad when he scampered off to spade up a fortune in these Western hills, she found him a lad still; for all he towered above her like the pines, and his hair was gray as granite.

Found him half dead and wholly disgusted, with his fortune still under ground and himself so very nearly so that being white and womanish with the fever, he had clung to her like a child that fears the dark; and she, having nothing better to do with her life, had carried him away from the little mob of a town huddled up on the hillside and took him home and adored him.

If in this progressive world there breathes a woman strong minded enough to overcome her weakness for prodigals, Aunt Prim had yet to profit by her illustrious example—and a prodigal with a dimple in his chin!

"Aunt Prim," he said, one wintry night, as he watched her whistling about the fire with her steak and potatoes and tea—for Jack was always friendly with the teapot when he wasn't wild after whisky—"it must be no end of dreary here when I am on the tear; why don't you get married?"

The eyes that Miss Pamela Burton turned on her nephew looked like the taste of sassafras tea.

"If it wasn't for them gray hairs of yours I'd answer that question with my snipper-marry indeed! If it was the likes of you now—"

She had said something rash—she guessed it by the way the red came swimming up in his cheeks; she was sure of it by the suspicious conduct of that demoralizing dimple?

"Seems as if your mind was made up handy enough without my pitchforking the idea into your head. I don't say a nice girl wouldn't be a God's blessing to me—for it is dreary—but such trash as blows about Shantytown, miners' girls and dancing jacks and the like—"

"She isn't a miner's girl," persisted the Prodigal, indignantly.

"Then she's a dancing jack, which is worse!"

"Draw it mild, old lady," he said, planting himself at the table and patronizingly patting her on the head, "you are sampling the best brand ever bottled—she does dance, that's a fact, and sings like—well, I just wish you could hear her sing!"

"Jack Burton!" exclaimed his ancient virtuous relative, in the most uncompromisingly virtuous tones, "when I broke up the old home in Kentucky and followed you out here to—to this, I allowed to suffer and mebbe to die with a redskin's hatchet in my brain; but I

did not calculate to disgrace my old age kicking up shins in a dance-house!"

As if he had even hinted at such a thing! But that was just like Aunt Prim, and Aunt Prim was just like every other woman in the world.

"So you won't call on Polly?" demanded the Prodigal, anxiously.

"No; I won't call on Polly, and if she dares to call on me, just let her—that's all!"

Lonely! There was the black world all around her, and the big, solemn mountain with its hushed cries and echoes of the night. There were the dismal pines shooting up towards the starless sky, and there was Jack—at least that was where Jack ought to have been, but Aunt Prim being resigned to these nightly excursions to the giddy metropolis of Shantytown, was just settling herself to dream comfortably of wild cats and Indians, when there came a sudden and terrible knocking at the lonely little door.

Wild cats and Indians! Miss Pamela Burton had never pictured anything quite so blood-curdling as that knock, knock, knocking at her door!

But there it was, and there it kept up, until, white and quivering, she crept to the keyhole and called in the faintest of voices, "Who's there?"

"A woman."

A woman! Aunt Prim was a match for a woman any day; but this was night—a dark night on a desolate road and, as discretion is really better than valor, taken all around, Miss Burton resorted to the keyhole and cried out, in a trifle more valorous tone:

"Go away—didn't I see your coat-tails through a chink in the door—?"

And then something fell outside, and a low moan crept into Aunt Prim's ear with such pitiful distinctness that she unbarred her fortress and found her lying there—a woman, indeed, with sealed eyes and streaming hair, all in a heap on the step. To drag her in and rebolt the door was child's play to an energetic savior like Aunt Prim; and when at last the unexpected was ready to account for the surprising circumstances that had upset her from a stage coach into such kindly arms, the diplomatic old soul had remembered Shantytown and its Polly, and determined to lend her share towards upsetting her again into Jack.

There was a school waiting somewhere in the hills for its teacher, and Miss Burton made up her mind it should wait!

It had been a dismal day, and Nature, after crying her eyes out, was sobbing herself to sleep at last in the drizzling twilight as Aunt Prim and her visitor sat in the firelight waiting the Prodigal's return.

Two months! It might have been two years since that lucky night! Miss Burton, watching the girl as she sat at the window with her eyes on the darkening road, wondered how she would ever manage without her, how Jack would ever manage without her, should she take a notion to grow restless and hail another stage coach for that school among the hills.

Aunt Prim need not have bothered, for the girl was a gay, self-satisfied little creature, like most things that came in her way, and among them Jack and his dimple. As to Aunt Prim she simply adored Aunt Prim!

Young and pink and velvety—that was Miss Paulina Davis—with braids and braids of copper gilt hair, and a fresh, fearless voice that loved to hear itself sing. She was singing as she sat there in the twilight, singing in a low confidential fashion that ought to have put Aunt Prim to sleep, as usual, except for what was it that shocked her into consciousness again?

"A sailing, a sailing, my love has gone a—"

"Don't my dear," cried Aunt Prim, wistfully. "It sounds pretty, but they never do come back, and it seems so useless to expect them."

"Meaning ships?" interrogated Miss Davis, vaguely.

"hips—and sailors," answered Aunt Prim with the mournful experience of one who knows.

"Bless you, Miss Prim!" she laughed out with sudden interest. "You mountain folks here get your horrors from the papers. You just ought to go down to the coast and see them swarming there as plentiful as shrimps! You see, I can't help knowing all about it because my father was a sailor once and many's the time we used to stroll down the sands with the waves booming in and all the world smelling of salt and sea weed, and I would sing and he would reel off his yarns, as happy as a pirate poor, dear pa! We had our squall sometimes," she went on, with a regretful sigh "and down to the very last I never would give into pa about—Of course I didn't blame him for marrying my mother in a spurt of a hurry like he did, because his luck was blowing dead against him, but to send word home that he was drowned, just to get rid of the girl he was engaged to—now, you know, that wasn't right, and I up and told pa so, over and over again!"

Aunt Prim, remembering the hero who would not have acted so for kingdoms, shook her head and softly sighed in response.

"Once pa told me to consider the circumstances and to look at ma, and I did consider; and the more I considered the more I blamed him for allowing her to wait and hope and mourn at last for the lover who had gone down honored to the grave. That's what I told pa, and at last—to show you how it was only pa's thoughtlessness, after all—he said to me, one night, 'Pamelie, my dear—'"

"Par what?" gasped Aunt Prim, as she turned around blankly on Miss Davis. "I thought your name was—"

"So it is," she answered, laughingly. "That was just a notion of pa's, poor dear! and so,

when I went to his bed-side—he never got up out of it, poor love—he said, 'Pamelie, my dear, you were right, and here's your father at death's door wishing to God he had gone down honest and true on the Sea Shell—ma'am?'"

But Aunt Prim had not spoken a single word. She had moved in her chair a bit, that was all; and Jack's tramping up the path just then sent Miss Davis to the door with such glad, careless haste that she quite forgot to finish the rest of her story.

When at last they entered the room together they found Aunt Prim waiting for them, and this is what she said—said it with such a broken-up, old-womanish quaver in her voice that it went to Jack's heart like a chill.

"Because I can't help loving you," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, "and because you were sorry for the girl who waited and hoped and mourned her lover in his honest grave, I forgive you both. I—I am going to bed now, good-night, John. Good-night—Polly!"

And to save their lives they never could guess how Aunt Prim had found out about the dancing jack from Shantytown, and, of course, she never told them!

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

(Continued from page 383.)

have land, lest the farmers should be unable to obtain laborers." Thus the land remains out of cultivation, and the laborer without work and without food, because the landlord stands between demand and supply.

In New Jersey, not far from where I am writing, thousands of acres of land are producing miasma and mosquitoes. Thousands of willing hands would drain this land and cover it with houses and manufactories, but in the meantime a landlord's agent stands upon the marsh and demands, in the name of a man who has done nothing, a payment of one thousand dollars or two thousand dollars an acre before he will allow the mosquitoes to be suppressed and houses and factories to be erected.

Under these circumstances your correspondent may well say, "I should be glad to learn where in this country, or in any other country on the globe, does a man who has not capital obtain the full fruits of his labor?" True it is that those who have capital and those who can avail themselves of the unjust privileges which law allows to capital, in connection with the possession of land, are the only persons who can obtain the full fruits of their own or other persons' labor; and if the universality of injustice is a sound reason for upholding it, then undoubtedly Mr. George is in the wrong.

I am willing to admit, as "A Free-born Englishman" contends, that in some respects the agricultural laborer is better off than his brother laborer in the crowded cities of Europe and America; but, gracious heaven! is this a matter for thankfulness? I have had to spend the Summer in New York, and with every alleviation that can be provided, my fate has been hard enough; but what must be the condition of families and lodgers crowded into tenement houses during the Summer heat? No man ought to think of it without a determination to do all in his power to lessen such terrible suffering. And this suffering, in New York and other cities, is the direct and immediate result of landlordism.

In London landlords demand and receive thirty millions of dollars annually from the working classes, and they are constantly raising their demands. This is the cause of overcrowding. Every month landlords kill more children than Herod destroyed in his lifetime, and yet, as your correspondent reminds us, they are men of excellent character. That they are all honorable men, I do not dispute; but the circumstance does not lessen the fearful consequences of the system of which they are the agents. It is not of abuses that we complain, but of the necessary consequences of landlordism, which, like a huge vise, crushes the masses of the people with deepening effect at every turn of the screw. Industry, intelligence and invention hold out promises of improvement which seem to be almost within our reach, but before they are obtained the landlord advances his claims and the result is disappointment and misery. If this state of things continues, it will be the fault not of the landlords, but of workingmen who have the power, and should have the determination, to deliver themselves and their children from a fatal influence. I am,

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

NEW YORK, July 24th, 1883.

A SHOCKING DISASTER.

THE City of Baltimore was thrown into consternation last week by a terrible disaster, involving the loss of nearly seventy lives, through the giving away of the pier on North Point, Tivoli, an excursion resort about thirteen miles from the city.

Under the auspices of a beneficial society connected with the Corpus Christi Roman Catholic Church an annual excursion was given on July 24th, which was attended by over 1,000 persons. The barge *Cockade City* made three trips to the Point, taking down and bringing back passengers. At nine o'clock in the evening she arrived at the wharf for her last complement. Pretty well tired out, and anxious to secure good seats, the people made a rush to get on board as soon as the barge made fast to the pier, and fully 200 crowded upon the narrow pier.

The Rev. W. E. Starr, pastor of the church, who accompanied the excursionists, and the gate-keepers vainly requested the people again and again to keep back, but their warnings were not heeded. Suddenly a crash was heard, and in an instant the end of the pier was seen to give way, and a wild cry of agony was heard from the unfortunate persons who were down into the water with the debris of the wharf.

The scene which ensued baffles description. Men and women were shrieking and yelling and children crying, while from the dark abyss below the most heartrending cries were heard, only to end in gurgling sounds as the helpless beings succumbed to the cruel waters. The survivors made such efforts as they could to rescue the wretched

victims, but the darkness rendered it impossible to do much for their aid. About thirty-five bodies were within the first hour taken from the water. Twenty-nine were placed on the barge side by side and taken to the city, where the arrival of the boat with its load of dead gave the first intelligence of the disaster. Other bodies were recovered as the day wore on, until the death-roll reached the appalling total of sixty-five.

The funerals of the victim occurred during the next three days after the tragedy, many of them on Wednesday. The scenes attending the last rites were full of affecting incidents, and the whole city appeared given over to grief at this saddest disaster known in the history of Baltimore.

A DAY AT LUCERNE.

OUR first thought, when we look out from the windows of the "Beau Rivage" upon Lucerne, with Pilatus and Rigi, and all the lesser peaks floating mistily above it—is—"How perfectly it has been painted!" I seem to have seen it a hundred times already, so familiar to my eyes is the silvery, streaked cobalt of the smooth water, the dense yet shadowy purple of the nearer mountains, and the fainter vanishing blues of peaks that crowd one behind another, with the glitter of snow summits, and a dreamy opal mist enfolding all. It is what Mr. Whistler might please to call a "symphony in blue and silver," for between the blue water and the blue sky there is scarcely another note of color touched. The mountains are like the hills of a dream, or the cloud-capped summits that rose and fell at Prospero's bidding; it is all "beautiful exceedingly," beautiful and unreal, and evanescent, one could fancy, as dreams themselves.

Lucerne is a very red-letter place, however—the town, that is to say—and crowded with foreigners of all sorts, and English in swarms, it has a most holiday aspect. First of all it is hot—hot almost as our American watering places—and the English girls and women, in white and pink and airy fabrics of all those gay and cheerful hues which they so love, make the streets and the quays like a flower-garden. The air, to use an expressive Anglicism, "dithers" with visible heat, but all along the steep, narrow streets that run back from the lake, and up and down the shady promenade by the water's edge, on which the great hotels front, and on the stone quay among the boats, the pleasure-seeking crowd is disporting itself; bargaining for the little cushioned boats with their gay awnings, buying apricots and plums from the pleasant women, or inland olive-wood boxes and paper-knives from the Italian boys; staring in the shop-windows at the wood-carvings that tempt one to madness in the way of unheard-of extravagance; at the silver jewelry; at the agates and spars; at the *bric-a-brac* inaccessible by reason of its fabulous prices; at the photographs and the clocks and the whole kaleidoscopic show of small wares, which look so tempting and so gorgeous in the windows, and so extremely cheap and shabby when viewed with the cold eye of an owner in one's own room. Everybody is out and, of course, I—and I go forth with the rest.

We go in search of the "Lion of Lucerne," whose lair is in a mysterious little behind-the-scenes sort of nook, entered from a long, steep side-street, well lined with bazaars of wood-carving and spars, Tunisian wares, sold by turbaned Turks, and the omnipresent photograph. Passing between rows of little booths devoted to wood-work—which, after a day in Lucerne, the traveler never wishes to behold with bodily eyes again—we come upon the lion—the grandest work of Thorwaldsen's life. The gray wall of rock in which it is cut rises sheer from a deep, dark pool, and all around it the firs and hemlocks make a sombre green twilight. From the scars and crevices of the rock a thousand tiny rills of water drip like tears on an aged, wrinkled face; and there in the midst, high above the black mirror of the little pool, the wounded lion lies in his hewn-out niche, and seems to weep, too, with strangely human tears. The solemn masses of rocks, so gray and old, the black sleeping water, and the dark trees that net and interlace overhead and make perpetual shadow, heighten the pathos of that wonderful supine figure; it is almost like profanation to speak aloud or laugh in sight of its eternal sculptured sorrow.

The old cathedral, with its twin towers and sharp curved needle-pointed spires, lies in our way, and wonderful is the fascination of its ancient "Kreuzgang," with the green quadrangle in the centre, full of flower-heaped graves and slender black crosses, with the great crucifix rising tall in the midst, and the little pillars at the four corners with rough stone basins of holy water, and the asperge in each—a bunch of fine shavings on a little stick. Wreaths of paper flowers and long streamers of satin ribbon lie on the stone slabs that face the "Kreuzgang," or prettier boxes of fresh-growing forget-me-nots, and long trails of ivy. In many of the marble headstones against the walls are set photographs of the deceased, curiously prosaic and modern amid that Old World quiet; there are the simple German names, and the simple tender little verselets, which I fancy have a sweeter ring than of a. Over one young man they have written in the marble:

"Hier und dort,
Lebst du fort!"

and of a mother who died in her old age, her children say that she was "endlessly rich in love, goodness and truth." What could be a better earthly fortune!

We wander through the older streets till we are tired out, under the long covered bridges that span the end of the lake, with their rude old paintings of the History of Switzerland and the Dance of Death; by the old city walls, and so home along the crowded quay again, past the Schweizer Hof and the Englischer Hof, and all the rest; and in the evening there is the glorious band in the Kursaal Gardens, with streaming rock-roses and Roman candles, and glare of red and green lights, which illumine the lake and the mountains and the streets, and the innermost recesses of our rooms at the Beau Rivage. And we go to bed praying for fine weather to-morrow, for we are to see, *Deo volente*, the sunset upon the Rigi-kulm.

"Take all your wryns," says a fat Englishman to our Head Centre. "I went day before yesterday, and the breath froze in icicles on my whiskers, by Jove! before we were half-way up. There's no judging by the weather down below here; it's probably below zero up on the summit at this moment!"

With this prospect before us, we accumulate all the shawls and rugs in our joint possession, and load ourselves like beasts of burden, preparatory to taking the little lake-steamer to Vitznau and the "Rigi-Bahn." It is not a cloudless day after all, but the sky is full of broken-up cloud-mountains, all gray and glistening silver, and the gauzy mist peculiar to Swiss scenery makes Rigi ghostly and indistinct, like a mountain of vapor. In company with a vast host of English, French and German, all gabbling in their native tongues as they swarm on the decks, we steam across the lake—past Triebichen once the home of Wagner—past Nörlischachen and Küssnacht, ground sacred to Tell and his "Meister-schutz"—past green, rocky islets in the blue water, and shores black with forest or green with a border of arid meadows at the lake's edge, and past the silent yet ever changing ranks of the eternal mountains.

"Far out, kindled by each other,
Shining hills on hills arise,
Close as brother leans to brother,
Praying underneath the eyes
Of some father asking blessings
For his sons of Paradise."

The railway up Rigi starts from the very edge of the lake, and well it is for the feeble travelers that

the passage from the boat to the cars is a short one. For the space of five minutes after debarking we were dragged and buffeted by a raging crowd of fellow beings, all plunging, elbowing, trampling and madly struggling towards one common goal—the best seat in the cars. Forced in self-preservation to struggle in a place of safety, very red and limp from our exertions, but still triumphant. In a moment the two queer little slanting open cars were crammed, and while two thirds of our fellow-voyagers stood panting and baffled on the platform, we fortunate adventurers suddenly and silently started on our upward flight. We sat with our backs to the ascent, and our faces to the little puffing engine. Before us, at our feet, and away on our right hand spread the lake and the blue mountain ranges near and far away; behind and above us, and all along the left, rose the green wooded and rock-ribbed wall of the Rigi, along whose scarred face we seemed swept smoothly upwards, while the lake and the woods, and the little nestling town, and the green shores, all sank silently and swiftly as by enchantment down, down into a lessening distance. Then the mountain would unfold around us; beyond the abyss of the mountain side, in which the misty deep blue "Lake of the Four Cantons" seemed to float, rose the wild fantastic domes of blue and purple, and opal and gray, and all the thousand silvery evanescent shades of a dove's wing. The glistening white clouds piled above and among these cloud-like peaks, and one great shining billow of the rolling sea of vapor seemed, as I watched, to grow whiter and brighter, whiter than anything on earth ever was or could be—until suddenly I became aware that the cloud had opened, and, as through a window, I saw another world of hills—the summits of eternal snow, high above the blue and violet ranges. There it lay, a calm, pure, shadowless field of snow, right in the midst of the gray clouds of Heaven—a living image of the "gates of pearl," rather its own radiance. It was the first glimpse of the higher Alps; but, as we rose, the clouds seemed to melt, and we saw them lying in solemn ranks far back against the blue shapes in living white, awful as Death and bright as Heaven, until the whole horizon was girded round with their glory.

The woods were gone, and all around us lay the sunny Alpine pastures, with a tiny Alp hut here and there, its flat roof held down with boulders and huge stones, and the short turf was dotted over with great dark blue barberries, and tiny white and yellow blossoms growing in luxuriant mats of sweetness. Two or three great barlike hotels lie just below the Kulm; but we passed all these, and stopped only at the Ultima Thule itself—the largest, and, so far as situation goes, the best of all the houses. The usual rush for rooms was crowned, in our case, with moderate success; the desideratum of "windows facing the sunrise" (by which device we yearned to elude the necessity of rising at four, A.M.) was unattainable, for the Kulm Hotel is, by some strange and perverse ingenuity, so built that from no win low, door, or pinnacle, can one by any possibility see the sun rise. Therefore, we contented ourselves with rooms facing the Western Alps, where the highest points, the Mönch and the Jungfrau, were yet veiled and invisible.

A large mountaineer, with bare knees and a jacket and embroidered belt, saluted the sunset with blasts upon the Alpine horn. The plateau on which the hotel is built, and which descends to the east in a steep, overhanging precipice, was crowded with all the travelers, and a chorus of "Ahs!" "Achs!" and "Ohs!" swelled the notes of the horn as the crimson disk vanished. The voice of the German predominated; the Vaterland had three representatives of it, I should suppose, every class and rank, and next in numbers were the English. All along the slope of the plateau were dotted little booths for the sale of the eternal wood-carvings, the ivory and bone ewidewels brooches, the chamois-foot paper-knives, etc.; and among these riches the travelers wasted little eyesight and francs, while behind and before, around, above and everywhere, the awful glaciers of the Alpine world were unfolding and deepening from beauty to beauty. Up the long slope came a soft, distant murmur and tinkle of bells, and as it grew louder and sweeter we saw a herd of cows winding their upward way, a touch of simple pastoral beauty in the midst of the grandeur. I thought then that I had never heard anything sweeter than the broken, irregular, soft chiming of these many bells, from the deepest to the silveriest tone, all mingling together in the silence of the clear upper air. I sat in the grass, apart and below the crowd of strollers, and watched them straggling home, and a little Swiss *madchen*, with bare feet and braided hair, and her hands full of ewidewels and pink Alpine roses for sale, came and sat beside me, and we mutually tried to understand each other's broken German over the buying and selling of the flowers.

We had been blessed with a clear sunset, and we awoke at four P.M. to a dawn as clear. All night we had had broken and uneasy slumbers, conscious of damp sheets and too much "Federdecke," and also of a wild battle which was being waged in the corridor between some obstreperous guest and—apparently—an army of chambermaids. Shouts of "Yai yai! Ach Gott! Yai!" and "Nein, nein!" in frantic falsetto, reached us above the storm of gutturals, until, after what appeared endless ages, it subsided, and we slept. Then came a ghostly tooting, as it were, in our ears, and I sprang bolt upright, to discover that it was four o'clock, and the Alpine horn was being blown at our own keyhole. Here was an awful moment of doubt—"Is any sunrise under heaven worth getting up for at four A.M.?" and then the heroic act was performed. In fifteen minutes I emerged in ulster and shawls, joining a silent and sleepy company, who came streaming along the hall and stairways in various stages of the toilet, and went forth shivering into the clear, opal-tinted dawn. Let no one expect with dread a rhapsodical essay upon the sunrise. It is difficult to be enthusiastic at that mongrel hour which is neither night nor day, and with shame I confess to being more conscious of the nipping and eager air than of the "awful rise of dawn." I had come to see. We stood in a long line against the rail which defends the eastern precipice, and stared; the horn warbled and tooted melodiously, and the Germans raved in their native tongue of "Natur," while the little ewidewels children, those small scourges of traveling humanity in the Alps, beset us and encompassed us about, with dirty little paws held up in our faces, and shrieks of "Ewidewels, fraulein! Alpenrosen! Ewidewels!" till they seemed to devour the very notes of the horn. And then the glow along that long billowy line of white deepened and reddened and burned itself into a solemn blaze and rolled in waves of flame up to the very vault of cold shadowy blue, and the sun flashed up blindingly above the kindled snows. The Germans beside me scraped their throats with rapturously deepening gutturals: "Ach, Gott in Himmel wie herrlich! Herr yel wie schön!" and oh and ah in every key belied the spectacle. But I looked away from the crimson dazzle down to a little blue Alpine lake far below us, a real, intense "peacock-blue"—and watched a little, round, soft, gray cloud lying like a puff of thistledown on its breast; and somehow I remember that better than all the snow-peaks or the sunrise.

G. A. DAVIS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Clyde Shipping Disaster.

We have already mentioned the sad disaster on the Clyde at Glasgow, on July 30, by which 123 lives were lost in the capsizing of the steamer *Daphne*. When launched the *Daphne* had on board nearly 200 men and boys who were to finish the in-

ternal fittings of the vessel. Somehow or other, the hull proved top-heavy on reaching the water, instantly turned over to the port side, and sank in the middle of the river. All the persons on deck were in a moment left struggling for their lives; some escaped by swimming to the shore, or sought to cling to the upper side of the capsized vessel; some got hold of floating pieces of wood, or were picked up by the two steam-tugs and a few boats that were near at hand. The cause of the disaster has not been satisfactorily explained. Our illustration shows the process of searching for the bodies of victims, the last of which was not recovered until a fortnight after the sinking of the vessel.

A Steam Ferry at Melbourne.

Citizens of the United States, accustomed to the ferrage facilities enjoyed on all our rivers and inland waters, find it difficult to account for the absence of these facilities in other countries, as in Great Britain and elsewhere. Even in Australia, long ago penetrated by the spirit of enterprise, steam ferries have been hitherto unknown, and at Melbourne it is only within a month or two that such a ferry has been contemplated. A recent Melbourne paper, referring to the movement for the establishment of such an enterprise, says: "The ferry-boat, which will be a square, both stem and stern, will be driven by powerful machinery, and will be of such beam that several loaded carts and wagons, irrespective of passengers, can be conveyed at once. The arrangements for entering and debarking will be such that horses will have no more difficulty than in crossing a bridge, and a wonderful convenience will thus be afforded to the public." It is plain enough from this description that a steam ferryboat will be a genuine novelty to the people of Melbourne.

The Taking of Nam-Dinh.

Nam-Dinh, after Hanoi, is the most important town in Tonquin. Its advantageous situation on the Delta, on the branch that joins the River Rouge to the River Day; its extensive commerce, its powerful citadel, impart to it considerable value from both a military as well as a civil point of view. "We must take Nam-Dinh as we have taken Hanoi," said Commander Riviere, and every preparation was made. A flotilla of gunboats and junks having been drawn up in battle line, the *Puivier* opened fire with her Hotchkiss revolving cannon. Two of these terrific weapons having been mounted in her mizzen-masts, wrought fearful havoc, knocking batteries to pieces and dispersing the enemy's gunners under a very hail of bullets. The troops, having disembarked under a heavy fire, were led by three gallant officers to the lunette at the northeast gate. This portal was battered down and the soldiers dashed into the town, the brave Colonel Carreau giving a superb example of courage and coolness. The troops took up their positions, waiting for the word of command for the assault, detachments from the *Puivier* and *Surprise* being prepared with ladders of bamboo. At ten o'clock the assault commenced, and at eleven the *Puivier* signaled to cease firing. The war ships had accomplished their task of destruction, and the French troops had taken the town. The citadel still held out, its fire dealing utter devastation, but it was taken at the point of the bayonet, and the tricolor was run up on the flag-staff to the tumultuous cry of "Vive la France!"

The Illness of the Count de Chambord.

The illness of the Count de Chambord has been as painful to the illustrious sufferer as it has proved a puzzle to his physicians. Though not yet out of danger, there are indications of a favorable turn in the malady, and we may yet have to chronicle the complete recovery of the hope of the French Legitimists. During the earlier days of his illness, the Count, who pined for the open air, was taken daily, on a carefully prepared bed-stretcher, to a favorite spot in the private gardens, where, if the sun proved too warm or too glittering, he would be placed under the shade of a *marquee* and permitted to enjoy the view of the long, flower-bedecked, tree-shaded alley, in which he loved to saunter alone, forming a thousand plans for his beloved France when the white flag should again float over the gilded roof of the Tuilleries. On the 7th of July the Count was able to receive a visit from the Count de Paris, the Duc de Nemours and the Duc d'Alençon. They were received in the "Gray Chamber," and the scene is described as being singularly impressive, the man "sick unto death," propped up with pillows, meeting his blue-blooded kinsmen with all the courtesy of the *ancien régime*. While there is life there is hope, and the Count de Chambord may yet live, if not to see the white flag float over the Tuilleries, at least to enjoy a longer evening of life in the peaceful pleasure of the chateau at Frohsdorf.

The Black Hand Atrocities.

The cutthroats and desperadoes belonging to that secret society in Spain known as "The Black Hand" are still at their diabolical work, despite the efforts of the military and civil guard to suppress them. Murders and robberies have been of frequent occurrence, and woe to the unfortunate man, woman, or child whom this dread brotherhood suspect of treachery, or against whom it has a grudge. On a recent occasion a patrol of the civil guard came upon an object suspended from a tree, on a road leading to a mansion of some note. On nearer approach the patrol was horrified to find the body of a man hanging from a branch, but in what a condition! The trunk was head downwards, the head severed from the body. Blood was oozing from the severed neck. The decapitated head was placed between the feet, and at either side of it the severed hands—a hideous mockery. An inscription on white paper, traced with the victim's blood, was stuck to the trunk. The inscription ran—"Thus does the Black Hand deal with its enemies." There is no clue to the perpetrators of this hideous assassination.

Death-roll of the Week.

JULY 20TH.—At Ocean Grove, N.J., Rev. Dr. Walter C. Palmer, leader in the "Sanctification" movement, aged 79. July 21st.—At Hicksford, Va., W. S. Goodwin, a well-known lawyer and politician. July 22d.—At Columbus, Ga., Martin J. Crawford, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; at Havana, Cuba, General Edward O. C. Ord, of the United States Army, aged 64; at London, England, Rev. Thomas Rawson Birks, the well-known English ecclesiastical and writer on religious topics, aged 72. July 23d.—In New York city, Richard L. Dugdale, a writer on social science, aged 42; at Brookline, Mass., Ginery Twichell, formerly member Congress, and a prominent railroad man, aged 71; at Brockton, Mass., William J. Carleton, a well-known electrician; at Washington, D.C., Commodore William N. Jeffers, United States Navy. July 24th.—At Leesburg, Va., Thomas Swann, ex-Congressman and ex-Governor of Maryland, aged 77. July 25th.—At Guilford, Conn., E. R. London, Judge of the Probate Court for thirty-five years, aged 65; at Copenhagen, Denmark, Jean Adolphe Jerichan, the Danish sculptor, aged 64. July 26th.—At Reading, Pa., William H. Clymer, a prominent iron dealer, aged 62; at London, England, Denis Maurice O'Connor, Home Rule Member of Parliament.

It is now proposed to use the enormous water power of the Alps for working electrical railways in Switzerland. Operations are said to be now in progress to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway four and three-quarter miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams. Should the experiment succeed, the promoters of the railway will extend it to the north for a distance of some forty-seven miles, and in a southerly direction for about thirty miles, and thus effect a second junction between the Swiss and Italian Railways.

Facts of Interest.

BOSTON has 779 policemen, and the cost of the force last year was \$901,562.

MORE than \$72,000 was found lately in the room of a man in Paris who had for twenty-five years lived miserably, and who died in a charity hospital.

A MAN in Peabody, Mass., has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday by marrying his third wife.

WITHIN four years 9,500 acres of land at and near Charlemon, Va., on the James River, have been sold to farmers from the North and West. The largest purchases have been plots of 300 acres, and the smallest 20. The new settlers express themselves as delighted with their new possessions.

PERHAPS the greatest sufferers from heat are the coal-heavers of ocean steamers, who work for hours in a stifling hole, where the very air seems to be on fire. Recently, one of these unfortunates on a German steamer was driven crazy by the heat, and, rushing into the engine-room, seized a knife and plunged it into his heart.

A HANDSOME woman calling herself an Italian countess made a conspicuous figure for a while in Paris. A priest was among her visitors. He recognized a fine painting on her wall as one that had been stolen from him, in Rome, by an adventuress, and then the police identified her as the thief.

THE culture of the cinchona, from the bark of which quinine is extracted, has recently entered upon an entirely new phase. In 1865 seed of the finest and purest quality was introduced into Java, and since that time the Dutch have developed its quinine-producing properties with extraordinary skill.

THE famous sword of La Tour d'Auvergne, presented to the Paris Municipal Council by Garibaldi's son-in-law, has been deposited in the Museum of the Hotel Carnavalet and placed in a trophy of arms.

A NEW system of night railroad signaling is to be introduced in England, by which accidents arising from the inability of the engineer to distinguish a red from a white light—a visual defect more common than is generally supposed—will be made impossible. It is the use of the ordinary day semaphore signal, illuminated, but the position of the arms, and not their color, will give the information.

BREAD made with sea-water is said to have remarkable medicinal and curative effects.

YOUNG Jarvis Fisher, of Reading, Pa., became insane in the effort to commit to memory every verse in the Bible. He was sent to the State Asylum at Harrisburg, where he died of apoplexy.

A TRESTLE bridge on the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Missoula, M. T., is 300 feet high and 2,400 feet long.

TWIN boys, ten months old, were taken suddenly ill in a Texas town a few days ago, and died within twenty minutes of each other.

THE Money-order system was introduced in the Sandwich Islands on the 1st of May. Twelve offices are now in operation, and the number is to be increased to twenty. The natives and Chinamen take to the new arrangement almost as kindly as the foreign-born residents.

PROFESSOR C. F. HIMES, of Carlisle, Pa., has experimentally demonstrated that drops diminish in size as a bottle is emptied.

IT is alleged by several authorities on sanitary science that the wooden pavements in London are the cause of serious affections of the eyes and lungs among persons who frequently use them.

At Naksoy, in the Danish island of Laaland, the gas company lights the streets gratuitously, as a return for the monopoly which enables it to supply nearly all the houses with gas for cooking, heating and lighting. For heating purposes the price is 91 cents per thousand; but for lighting the company charges \$1.20.

SEVEN years' penal servitude is not considered in England too great punishment for maliciously poisoning domestic animals. This is the punishment imposed on a Whitehall farmer for poisoning two calves and a horse.

CIVIL ENGINEER URBON, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, rides over the road in a novel tricycle, operated by both hands and feet. Two wheels rest on one track and one on the other. It runs at great speed, and will accommodate one person besides the operator.

WILLIAM HARRISON MCKINNEY, a Choctaw Indian, has graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Roanoke College, Salem, Va. He is the first Indian, of full blood, to graduate at a Virginia College. He was presented the English prize scholarship by Charles Dudley Warner.

THE number of vipers has so greatly increased in the French rural districts since these reptiles have ceased to be used in the preparation of drugs, that in harvest time they become a great nuisance to farm laborers. The French Minister of the Interior offers a reward for the destruction of the pests.

MR. JAMES V. BLACKWELL, of Holly Grove, Ala., has asked permission to exhibit his little girl, aged three and a half years, at the Kentucky State Fair in Louisville. He says she "has three separate and distinct tongues. The two smaller ones are beneath the main tongue, and are attached to the other one near the root. They are invisible except when she becomes willing to show them."

A FRENCH astronomer who was sent to the Caroline Islands to study the solar eclipse, reports finding a red star, which he believes will prove a new discovery.

A WEDDING was curiously celebrated not long ago in County Londonderry, Ireland. The bride and bridegroom were walking to church, when, suddenly, an exuberant person discharged a gun in honor of the occasion and brought down both bride and groom, each being struck in the face and neck and severely injured. The wedding was, of course, postponed.

ACCORDING to a native Indian paper, a curious form of gambling is indulged in regularly in Bombay during the monsoon, certain shops being devoted to the purpose. This species of dissipation consists in betting that rain will or will not fall within a given time, and is known as "rain-gambling."

THERE is a natural bridge in Arizona which, it is said, far surpasses in size the well-known Natural Bridge in Virginia.

IT is claimed that the "Old Brick Church," as it is popularly called, in Isle of Wight County, Va., is the oldest church of English building now standing in America, it having been erected in 1632.

A CURIOUS experiment has recently been tried with wreaths and votive offerings taken from the tomb of an Egyptian king, where they had been drying for 3,500 years. Under judicious manipulation in hot water the dry cells swelled into their original plumpness, and the leaves, attached to cardboard and treated like recent specimens, were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker, at Kew, and exhibited at a late soirée of the Royal Society. Not only were the forms of the leaves so far restored that they could be botanically identified, but the intricate venation of the flower petals could be plainly traced, the coloring of lilies, larkspurs and other flowers was displayed, and even the distinctive odors of some specimens were preserved. In general these old leaves and grasses were the same as of similar species to-day.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GRACE GREENWOOD is in London writing a biography of the Queen.

OSCAR WILDE is seeking further notoriety by dressing in the style of the Prince Regent, George IV.

THE Academy of Sciences at Munich has appointed Professor Marsh, of Yale University, a member of the Academy.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, of California, is a victim to attacks of melancholia. He never goes out of doors without an attendant.

WENDELL P. and FRANCIS J. GARRISON are gathering materials for a complete biography of the father, William Lloyd Garrison.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has placed a monument in the Williamstown (N. Y.) Cemetery in honor of Rev. Dr. Calvin Durfee, historian of Williams College.

THE appraisal of the property of the late poet Longfellow shows a value of about \$350,000, of which \$200,000 is personal property and \$150,000 real estate.

THE son of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is about to marry Miss Charlesworth, the heiress, whose fortune in her own right is estimated at \$50,000.

COLONEL KING, of Texas, has sold his ranch and cattle, near San Antonio, for \$4,000,000 to an English syndicate. This is said to be the largest ranch in the world.

QUEEN VICTORIA does not go abroad this year, but will follow her usual routine of Osborne till the third week in August, and then Balmoral till the end of November.

HUNGARIAN visitors at the recent national fêtes in Paris said that, in passing through Turin, they saw Kossuth, who, at the age of eighty-one years, was remarkably well.

MRS. GARFIELD has given the horse that General Garfield rode at the battle of Chickamauga to O. C. Moore, of Kent, who assisted the General to mount it the first time he rode it.

SCULPTOR OLIN L. WARNER, of Hartford, Conn., has finished in clay his statue of Governor Buckingham for the State Capitol. It will be finished in bronze during the Fall.

MR. JAMES SCARBOROUGH, a brother of Bishop Scarborough of New Jersey, and a prominent citizen of Troy, was killed in that city on Saturday by an accident on a coal-boat which was being unloaded.

ARCHBISHOP BOURGET, who is now completing his forty-sixth year in charge of the See of Montreal, is ninety years old and still strong and vigorous. He is the oldest wearer of the mitre in America, and has only two seniors in the world.

FREDERICK N. W. CROUCH, author of the song "Kathleen Mavourneen," has been rescued from poverty by a wealthy and eccentric young Southerner, James Marian Roche, who assumes his name and supplies all the money that he needs.

GOUNOD declares that he will write no more for the operatic stage, but will devote himself to the composition of religious works. He is now busy over a grand composition for the Birmingham festival of 1885, entitled, "Death and Life."

THE Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, who is President of the German Colonial Society, a General in the Prussian Cavalry and a member of the Reichstag, is about to start on a two months' journey through the United States and Northwest Canada.

AN American inventor, Edward W. Serrell, Jr., of New York, was the recipient, on July 10th, of the gold medal awarded by the Académie des Sciences of Lyons (prize founded by the Prince Lebrun) for discoveries and inventions useful to the silk industry.

CAPTAIN LEITCH, Commodore of the Cunard fleet of steamers, has died on board the company's *Saragossa* in the Mediterranean. He had been fifty years in the service of the Cunard Company, and took out the first body of troops to participate in the Crimean campaign.

BARON JOHN HENRY SCHRODER, who died not long ago, was called the "German Peabody" on account of his benevolence. He was very enterprising and was the head of the well known banking-house of Schroder & Co. He was ninety-nine years old at the time of his death.

JAY COOKE proposes fitting up his Summer home at Gibraltar, near Put-in-Bay, on a scale of magnificence unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the West. Mr. Cooke has retrieved his losses, settled honorably with his creditors, and is now amassing an enormous fortune in silver mining.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY, second daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, the famous lawyer of the Tichenborne claimant, has obtained the license of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, and special license in midwifery. There were forty male candidates, and Miss Kenealy's papers were adjudged the best.

FATHER BOSCO, the famous Italian missionary, is now in Paris. He has erected seminaries which contain 80,000 poor boys. He furnishes 600 priests every year to the Church. Over 20,000 priests educated by him are now preaching in various parts of the world. He is almost blind and very feeble. In manner he is childlike, simple and gentle.

IWAKURA, third President of the Japanese Council of State, is dead. He took a prominent part in the events which led to the restoration of the Emperor in 1868 and in occurrences which have marked the social and political history of Japan since. In 1872 he visited America and Europe at the head of the embassy which was sent from Japan to the Western Powers.

PRESIDENT GEORGE B. ROBERTS, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, lives in a house near Merion, Montgomery County, Pa., which has been occupied by his own family for nearly two hundred years. The two-hundredth anniversary is to be celebrated in September. Mr. Roberts is of Welsh descent, and his ancestors were among the first settlers in Montgomery County.

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have been on a fishing expedition to the Caspe-pedra River, and had unusually good luck. Many splendid salmon have been forwarded to the Government House, and several fine specimens have been sent to the Queen. The party reached Quebec last week for a month's sojourn at the citadel. Chester A. Arthur, Jr., son of President Arthur, has been spending a few days with the Viceregal party.

MR. SPURGEON surprised his congregation a few Sundays ago. He began his sermon as usual and got through his "fratry" pretty well. Then, feeling very warm himself and seeing his congregation growing listless, he interrupted himself with the remark: "That is the end of the fratry, and it is so warm to-day that I think the second and third will keep for a cooler Sunday." So the congregation went its way and Mr. Spurgeon went his way.



A SUMMER HOLIDAY ABROAD.—No. 2: SUNRISE ON THE RIGL—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS G. A. DAVIS, REPRESENTED FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—SEE PAGE 386.

MARYLAND.—THE CALAMITY AT TIVOLI, JULY 23.—SIXTY-THREE PERSONS DROWNED BY THE GIVING WAY OF A ROTTEN PIER.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOE. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 386.



HAND AND RING.

(Copyright.)

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD
OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE
BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK III.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"O while you live tell truth and shame the devil,"
—HENRY IV.

MR. BYRD'S countenance after the departure of his companion was anything but cheerful. The fact is, he was secretly uneasy. He dreaded the morrow. He dreaded the testimony of Miss Dare. He had not yet escaped so fully from under the dominion of her fascinations as to regard with equanimity this unhappy woman forcing herself to give testimony compromising to the man she loved.

Yet when the morrow came he was among the first to secure a seat in the court room. Though the scene was likely to be harrowing to his feelings, he had no wish to lose it, and, indeed, chose such a position as would give him the best opportunity for observing the prisoner and surveying the witnesses.

He was not the only one on the look out for the testimony of Miss Dare. The increased number of the spectators and the general air of expectation visible on more than one of the chief actors in this terrible drama gave suspicious proof of the fact; even the deadly pallor of the lady herself had not disclosed the state of her own feelings in regard to the subject.

The entrance of the prisoner was more marked, too, than usual. His air and manner were emphasized, so to speak, and his face when he turned it towards the jury wore an iron look of resolution that would have made him conspicuous had he occupied a less prominent position than that of the dock.

Miss Dare, who had flashed her eyes upon his face at the moment of his first appearance, dropped them again, contrary to her usual custom. Was it because she knew the moment was at hand when their glances would be obliged to meet?

Mr. Orcutt, whom no movement on the part of Miss Dare ever escaped, leaned over and spoke to the prisoner.

"Mr. Mansell," said he, "are you prepared to submit with composure to the ordeal of confronting Miss Dare?"

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"I would then advise you to look at her now," proceeded his counsel. "She is not turned this way and you can observe her without encountering her glance. A quick look at this moment may save you from betraying any undue emotion when you see her upon the stand."

The accused smiled with a bitterness Mr. Orcutt thought natural enough, and slowly prepared to obey. As he raised his eyes and allowed them to traverse the room until they settled upon the countenance of the woman he loved, this other man who, out of a still more absorbing passion for Imogene, was at that very moment doing all that lay in his power for the saving of this openly acknowledged rival, watched him with the closest and most breathless attention. It was another instance of that peculiar fascination which a successful rival has for an unsuccessful one. It was as if this great lawyer's thoughts reverted to his love, and he asked himself: "What is there in this Mansell that she should prefer him to me?"

And Orcutt himself, though happily unaware of the fact, was at that same instant under a scrutiny as narrow as that he bestowed upon his client. Mr. Ferris, who knew his secret, felt a keen interest in watching how he would conduct himself at this juncture. Not an expression of the lawyer's keen and puzzling eye but was seen by the District-attorney and noted, even if it was not understood.

Of the three, Mr. Ferris was the first to turn away, and his thoughts if they could have been put into words might have run something like this: "That man"—meaning Orcutt—"is doing the noblest work one human being can perform for another, and yet there is something in his face I do not comprehend. Can it be he hopes to win Miss Dare by his effort to save his rival?"

As for the thoughts of the person thus unconsciously subjected to the criticism of his dearest friend, let our knowledge of the springs that govern his action serve to interpret both the depth and bitterness of his curiosity; while the sentiments of Mansell—But who can read what lurks behind the iron of that sternly composed countenance? Not Imogene, not Orcutt, not Ferris. His secret, if he owns one, he keeps well, and his eyelids scarcely quiver as he drops them over the eyes that but a moment before reflected the grand beauty of the unfortunate woman for whom he so lately protested the most fervent love.

The next moment the court was opened and Miss Dare's name was called by the District-attorney.

With a last look at the unresponsive prisoner, Imogene rose, took her place on the witness-stand and faced the jury.

It was a memorable moment. If the curious and impressive crowd of spectators about her had been ignorant of her true relations to the accused, the deadly stillness and immobility of her bearing would have convinced them that emotion of the deepest nature lay behind the still, white mask she had thought fit to assume. That she was beautiful and confronted them from that common stand as from a throne, did not serve to lessen the impression she made.

The officer held the Bible towards her. With a look that Mr. Byrd was fain to consider one

of natural shrinking only, she laid her white hand upon it; but at the intimation from the officer, "The right hand, if you please, miss," she started and made the exchange he suggested, while at the same moment there rang upon her ear the voice of the clerk as he administered the awful adjuration that she should, as she believed and hoped in Eternal mercy, tell the truth as between this man and the law and keep not one tittle back. The book was then lifted to her lips by the officer, and withdrawn.

"Take your seat, Miss Dare," said the District-attorney. And the examination began.

"Your name, if you please?"

"Imogene Dare."

"Are you married or single?"

"I am single."

"Where were you born?"

Now this was a question that could not fail of being very painful to one of her history. Indeed, she showed it was so by the flush which rose to her cheek and by the decided trembling of her proud lip. But she did not seek to evade it.

"Sir," she said, "I cannot answer you. I never heard any of the particulars of my birth. I was a foundling."

The mingled gentleness and dignity with which she made this acknowledgment won for her the instantaneous sympathy of all present. Mr. Orcutt saw this, and the flash of indignation that had involuntarily passed between him and the prisoner subsided as quickly as it arose.

Mr. Ferris went on.

"Where do you live?"

"In this town."

"With whom do you live?"

"I am boarding at present with a woman by the name of Kennedy. I support myself by my needle," she hurriedly added, as though anxious to forestall his next question.

Seeing the prisoner start at this, Imogene lifted her head still higher. Evidently he knew little of her movements since they parted so many weeks ago.

"And how long is it since you supported yourself in this way?" asked the District-attorney.

"For a few weeks only. Formerly," she said, making a slight inclination in the direction of the prisoner's counsel, "I lived in the household of Mr. Orcutt, where I occupied the position of assistant to the lady who looks after his domestic affairs." And her eye met the lawyer's with a look of pride that made him inwardly cringe, though not even the jealous glance of the prisoner could detect that an eyelash quivered or a flicker disturbed the studied serenity of his gaze.

The District-attorney opened his lips as if to pursue this topic, but, meeting his opponent's eye, concluded to waive further preliminaries and proceed at once to the more serious part of the examination.

"Miss Dare," said he, "will you look at the prisoner and tell us if you have any acquaintance with him?"

Slowly she prepared to reply; slowly she turned her head and let her glance traverse that vast crowd till it settled upon her former lover. The look which passed like lightning across her face as she encountered his gaze fixed for the first time steadily upon her own, no one in that assemblage ever forgot.

"Yes," she returned, quietly, but in a tone that made Mansell quiver and look away, despite his iron self command; "I know him."

"Will you be kind enough to say how long you have known him and where it was you first made his acquaintance?"

"I met him first in Buffalo some four months since," was the steady reply. "He was calling at a friend's house where I was staying."

"Did you at that time know of his relation to your townsman, Mrs. Clemmens?"

"No, sir. It was not till I had seen him several times that I learned he had any connections in Sibley."

"Miss Dare, you will excuse me, but it is highly desirable for the court to know if the prisoner ever paid his addresses to you?"

The deep, almost agonizing blush that leaped like a flame to her white cheek answered as truly as the slow "Yes" that struggled painfully to her lips.

"And—excuse me again, Miss Dare—did he propose marriage to you?"

"He did."

"Did you accept him?"

"I did not."

"Did you refuse him?"

"I refused to engage myself to him."

"Miss Dare, will you tell us when you left Buffalo?"

"On the nineteenth day of August last."

"Did the prisoner accompany you?"

"He did not."

"Upon what sort of terms did you part?"

"Good terms, sir."

"Do you mean friendly terms, or such as are held by a man and woman between whom an attachment exists which, under favorable circumstances, might culminate in marriage?"

"The latter, sir, I think."

"Did you receive any letters from the prisoner after your return to Sibley?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you answer them?"

"I did."

"Miss Dare, may I now ask what reasons you gave the prisoner for declining his offer—that is, if my friend does not object to the question?" added the District-attorney, turning with courtesy towards Mr. Orcutt.

The latter, who had started to his feet, bowed composedly and prepared to resume his seat.

"I desire to put nothing in the way of your eliciting the whole truth concerning this matter," was his quiet, if somewhat constrained, response.

Mr. Ferris at once turned back to Miss Dare. "You will then answer," he said.

Imogene lifted her head and complied.

"I told him," she declared, with thrilling distinctness, "that he was in no condition to marry. I am by nature an ambitious woman, and, not having suffered at that time, thought more of my position before the world than of what constitutes the worth and dignity of a man."

No one who heard these words could doubt they were addressed to the prisoner. Haughtily as she held herself, there was a deprecatory humility in her tone that neither judge nor jury could have elicited from her. Naturally many eyes turned in the direction of the prisoner. They saw two white faces before them, that of the accused and that of his counsel, who sat near him. But the pallor of the one was of scorn, and that of the other—Well, no one who knew the relations of Mr. Orcutt to the witness could wonder that the renowned lawyer shrank from hearing the woman he loved confess her partiality for another man.

Mr. Ferris who understood the situation as well as any one, but who had passed the point where sympathy could interfere with his action, showed a disposition to press his advantage.

"Miss Dare," he inquired, "in declining the proposals of the prisoner, did you state to him in so many words these objections you have here mentioned?"

"I did."

"And what answer did he give you?"

"He replied that he was also ambitious and hoped and intended to make a success in life."

"And did he tell you how he hoped and intended to make a success in life?"

"He did."

"Miss Dare, were these letters written by you?"

She looked at the packet he held towards her, started as she saw the broad black ribbon that encircled it and bowed her head.

"I have no doubt these are my letters," she rejoined, a little tremulously for her. And unbinding the packet, she examined its contents.

"Yes," she answered, "they are. These letters were all written by me."

And she handed them back with such haste that the ribbon which bound them remained in her fingers, where consciously or unconsciously she held it clutched all through the remaining time of her examination.

"Now," said the District-attorney, "I propose to read two of these letters. Does my friend wish to look at them before I offer them in evidence?" holding them out to Mr. Orcutt.

Every eye in the court room was fixed upon the latter's face, as the letters addressed to his rival by the woman he wished to make his wife, were tendered in this public manner to his gaze. Even the iron face of Mansell relaxed into an expression of commiseration as he turned and surveyed the man who, in despite of the anomalous position they held towards each other, was thus engaged in battling for his life before the eyes of the whole world. At that instant there was not a spectator who did not feel that Tremont Orcutt was the hero of the moment.

He slowly turned to the prisoner:

"Have you any objection to these letters being read?"

"No," returned the other, in a low tone.

Mr. Orcutt turned firmly to the District-attorney:

"You may read them if you think proper," said he.

Mr. Ferris bowed; the letters were marked as exhibits by the stenographic reporter who was taking the minutes of testimony and handed back to Ferris, who proceeded to read the following in a clear voice to the jury:

SIBLEY, N. Y., September 7th, 1882.
"DEAR FRIEND—You show signs of impatience, and ask for a word to help you through this period of uncertainty and unrest. What can I say more than I have said? That I believe in you and in your invention, and proudly wait for the hour when you will come to claim me with the fruit of your labors in your hand. I am impatient myself, but I have more trust than you. Some one will see the value of your work before long, or else your aunt will interest herself in your success, and lend you that practical assistance which you need to start you in the way of fortune and fame. I cannot think you are going to fail. I will not allow myself to look forward to anything less than success for you and happiness for myself. For the one involves the other, as you must know by this time, or else believe me to be the heartless coquette which some of your friends would fain make me out."
"Wishing to see you, but of the opinion still that further meetings between us would be unwise till our future looks more settled, I remain, hopefully yours,
IMOGENE DARE."

"The other letter I propose to read," continued Mr. Ferris, "is dated September 23d, three days before the widow's death."

"DEAR CRAIK—Since you insist upon seeing me, and say that you have reasons of your own for not visiting me openly, I will consent to meet you at the trying spot you mention, though all such underground dealings are as foreign to my nature as I believe them to be to yours."

"Trusting that fortune will so favor us as to make it unnecessary for us too meet in this way more than once, I wait in anxiety for your coming,
"IMOGENE DARE."

These letters, unfolding relations that, up to this time, had been barely surmised by the persons congregated before her, created a great impression. To those especially who knew her and believed her to be engaged to Mr. Orcutt the surprise was well nigh thrilling. The witness seemed to feel this, and bestowed a short, quick glance upon the lawyer that may have partially recompensed him for the unpleasantness of the general curiosity.

The Prosecuting-attorney went on without pause:

"Miss Dare," said he, "did you meet the prisoner as you promised?"

"I did."

"Will you tell me when and where?"

"On the afternoon of Monday, September 27th, in the glade back of Mrs. Clemmens's house."

"Miss Dare, we fully realize the pain it must cost you to refer to these matters, but I must request you to tell us what passed between you at this interview?"

"If you will ask me questions, sir, I will answer them with the truth the subject demands."

The sorrowful dignity with which this was said, called forth a bow from the prosecuting attorney.

"Very well," he rejoined, "did the prisoner have anything to say about his prospects?"

"He did."

"How did he speak of them?"

"Depressingly."

"And what reason did he give for this?"

"He said he had failed to interest any capitalist in his invention."

"Any other reason?"

"Yes."

"What was that?"

"That he had just come from his aunt whom he had tried to persuade to advance him a sum of money to carry out his wishes, but that she had refused."

"He told you that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he also tell you what path he had taken to his aunt's house?"

"No, sir."

"Was there anything said by him to show he did not take the secret path through the woods and across the bog to her back door?"

"No, sir."

"Or that he did not return in the same way?"

"No, sir."

"Miss Dare, did the prisoner express to you at this time irritation as well as regret at the result of his efforts to elicit money from his aunt?"

"Yes," was the evidently forced reply.

"Can you remember any words that he used which would tend to show the condition of his mind?"

"I have no memory for words," she began, but flushed as she met the eye of the Judge, and perhaps remembered her oath. "I do recollect, however, one expression he used. He said: 'My life is worth nothing to me without success. If only to win you, I must put this matter through; and I will do it yet.'"

She repeated this quietly, giving it no emphasis and scarcely any inflection, as if she hoped by her mechanical way of uttering it to rob it of any special meaning. But she did not succeed, as was shown by the compassionate tone in which Mr. Ferris next addressed her.

"Miss Dare, did you express any anger yourself at the refusal of Mrs. Clemmens to assist the prisoner by lending him such moneys as he required?"

"Yes, sir; I fear I did. It seemed unreasonable to me then, and I was very anxious he should have that opportunity to make fame and fortune which I thought his genius merited."

"Miss Dare," inquired the District-attorney, calling to his aid such words as he had heard from old Sally in reference to this interview, "did you make use of any such expression as this: 'I wish I knew Mrs. Clemmens'?"

"I believe I did."

"And did this mean you had no acquaintance with the murdered woman at that time?" pursued Mr. Ferris, half-turning to the prisoner's counsel as if he anticipated the objection which that gentleman might very properly make to a question concerning the intention of a witness.

And Mr. Orcutt, yielding to professional instinct, did indeed make a slight movement as if to rise, but became instantly motionless. Nothing could be more painful to him than to wrangle before the crowded court-room over these dealings between the woman he loved and the man he was now defending.

Mr. Ferris turned back to the witness and awaited her answer. It came without hesitation.

"It meant that, sir."

"And what did the prisoner say when you gave utterance to this wish?"

"He asked me why I desired to know her."

"And what did you reply?"

"That if I knew her I might be able to persuade her to listen to his request."

"And what answer had he for this?"

"None but a quick shake of his head."

"Miss Dare; up to the time of this interview had you ever received any gift from the prisoner—jewelry, for instance—say a ring?"

"No, sir."

"Did he offer you such a gift then?"

"He did."

"What was it?"

"A gold ring set with a diamond."

"Did you receive it?"

"No, sir. I felt that in taking a ring from him I would be giving an irrevocable promise, and I was not ready to do that."

"Did you allow him to put it on your finger?"

"I did."

"And it remained there?" suggested Mr. Ferris, with a smile.

"A minute may be."

"Which of you, then, took it off?"

"I did."

"And what did you say when you took it off?"

"I do not remember my words."

Again recalling old Sally's account of this interview, Mr. Ferris asked:

"Were they these: 'I cannot. Wait till tomorrow'?"

"Yes, I believe they were."

"And when he inquired: 'Why to-morrow?' did you reply: 'A night has been known to change the whole current of one's affairs'?"

"I did."

"Miss Dare, what did you mean by those words?"

"I object!" cried Mr. Orcutt, rising. Unseen by any save himself, the prisoner had made him an eloquent gesture, slight but peremptory.

"I think it is one I have a right to ask," urged the District attorney.

But Mr. Orcutt, who manifestly had the best

of the argument, maintained his objection and the court instantly ruled in his favor.

Mr. Ferris prepared to modify his question. But before he could speak the voice of Miss Dare was heard.

"Gentlemen," said she, "there was no need of all this talk. I intended to seek an interview with Mrs. Clemmens and try what the effect would be of confiding to her my interest in her nephew."

The dignified simplicity with which she spoke, and the air of quiet candor that for that one moment surrounded her, gave to this voluntary explanation an unexpected force that carried it quite home to the hearts of the jury. Even Mr. Orcutt could not preserve the frown with which he had confronted her at the first movement of her lips, but turned towards the prisoner with a look almost congratulatory in its character. But Mr. Byrd, who for reasons of his own kept his eye upon that prisoner, observed that it met with no other return than that shadow of a bitter smile that now and then visited his otherwise unmoved countenance.

Mr. Ferris who, in his friendship for the witness, was secretly rejoiced at an explanation which separated her from the crime of her lover, bowed in acknowledgment of the answer she had been pleased to give him in face of the ruling of the court, and calmly proceeded:

"And will you reply did the prisoner make you when you uttered this remark in reference to the change that a single day sometimes makes in one's affairs?"

"Something in the way of assent."

"Cannot you give us his words?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, can you tell us whether or not he looked thoughtful when you said this?"

"He may have done so, sir."

"Did it strike you at the time that he reflected on what you said?"

"I cannot say how it struck me at the time."

"Did he look at you a few minutes before speaking, or in any way conduct himself as if he had been set thinking?"

"He did not speak for a few minutes."

"And looked at you?"

"Yes, sir."

The District-attorney paused a moment, as if to let the results of his examination sink into the minds of the jury; then he went on:

"Miss Dare, you say you returned the ring to the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say positively the ring passed from you to him; that you saw it in his hand after it had left yours?"

"No, sir. The ring passed from me to him but I did not see it in his hand, because I did not return it to him in that way. I dropped it into his pocket."

At this acknowledgment which made both the prisoner and his counsel look up, Mr. Byrd felt himself nudged by Hickory.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered.

"Yes," returned the other.

"And do you believe it?"

"Miss Dare is on oath," was the reply.

"Pooh!" was Hickory's whispered exclamation.

The District-attorney alone showed no surprise.

"You dropped it into his pocket," he resumed. "How came you to do that?"

"I was weary of the strife that had followed my refusal to accept this token. He would not take it from me himself, so I restored it to him in the way I have said."

"Miss Dare, will you tell us what pocket this was?"

"The outside pocket on the left side of his coat," she returned, with a cold and careful exactness that caused the prisoner to drop his eyes from her face with that faint but scornful twitch of the muscles about his mouth, which gave to his countenance now and then the proud look of disdain which both the detectives had noted.

"Miss Dare," continued the Prosecuting-attorney, "did you see this ring again during the interview?"

"No, sir."

"Did you detect the prisoner making any move to take it out of his pocket, or have you any reason to believe it was taken out of the pocket on the left-hand side of his coat while you were with him?"

"No, sir."

"So that, as far as you know, it was still in that pocket when you parted?"

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Dare, have you ever seen that ring since?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"I saw it on the morning of the murder. It was lying on the floor of Mrs. Clemmens's dining-room. I had gone to the house, in my surprise at hearing of the murderous assault which had been made upon her, and, while surveying the spot where she was struck, perceived this ring lying on the floor before me."

"What made you think it was this ring which you had returned to the prisoner the day before?"

"Because of its setting, and the character of the gem, I suppose."

"Could you see all this where it was lying on the floor?"

"It was brought nearer to my eyes, sir. A gentleman who was standing near picked it up and offered it to me, supposing it was mine. As he held it out in his open palm I saw it plainly."

"Miss Dare, will you tell us what you did when you first saw that ring lying on the floor?"

"I covered it with my foot."

"Was that before you recognized it?"

"I cannot say. I placed my foot upon it instinctively."

"How long did you keep it there?"

"Some few minutes."

"What caused you to move at last?"

"I was surprised."

"What surprised you?"

"A man came to the door."

"What man?"

"I don't know. A stranger to me. Some one who had been sent on an errand connected with this affair."

"What did he say or do to surprise you?"

"Nothing. It was what you said yourself after the man had gone."

"And what did I say, Miss Dare?"

"She cast him a look of the faintest appeal, but answered, quietly:

"Something about its not being the tramp who had committed this crime."

"That surprised you?"

"That made me start."

"Miss Dare, were you present in the house when the dying woman spoke the one or two exclamations which have been testified to in this trial?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the burden of the first speech you heard?"

"The words *Hand, sir, and Ring*. She repeated the two half a dozen times."

"Miss Dare, what did you say to the gentleman who showed you the ring and asked if it were yours?"

"I told him it was mine, and took it and placed it on my finger."

"But the ring was not yours?"

"My acceptance of it made it mine. In all but that regard it had been mine ever since Mr. Mansell offered it to me the day before."

Mr. Ferris surveyed the witness for a moment before saying:

"Then you considered it damaging to your lover to have his ring found in that apartment?"

Mr. Orcutt instantly rose to object.

"I won't press the question," said the District-attorney, with a wave of his hand and a slight look at the jury.

"You ought never to have asked it?" exclaimed Mr. Orcutt, with the first appearance of heat he had shown.

"You are right," Mr. Ferris coolly responded.

"The jury could see the point without any assistance from you or me."

"And the jury," returned Mr. Orcutt, with equal coolness, "is scarcely obliged to you for the suggestion."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," declared Mr. Ferris.

"We won't quarrel about anything," retorted Mr. Orcutt. "We will try the case in a legal manner."

"Have you got through?" inquired Mr. Ferris, nettled.

Mr. Orcutt took his seat with the simple reply:

"Go on with the case."

The District-attorney, after a momentary pause to regain the thread of his examination and recover his equanimity, turned to the witness.

"Miss Dare," he asked, "how long did you keep that ring on your finger after you left the house?"

"A little while—five or ten minutes, perhaps."

"Where were you when you took it off?"

Her voice sank just a trifle.

"On the bridge at Warren Street."

"What did you do with it then?"

Her eyes, which had been upon the Attorney's face, fell slowly.

"I dropped it into the water," she said.

And the character of her thoughts and suspicions at that time stood revealed.

The Prosecuting attorney allowed himself a few more questions.

"When you parted with the prisoner in the woods, was it with any arrangement for meeting again before he returned to Buffalo?"

"No, sir."

"Give us the final words of your conversation, if you please."

"We were just parting, and I had turned to go, when he said: 'Is it good by, then, Imogene?' I answered, 'That to-morrow must decide.' 'Shall I stay, then?' he inquired; to which I replied, 'Yes.'"

"Twas a short, seemingly literal, repetition of possibly innocent words, but the whisper into which her voice sank at that final 'Yes' endowed it with a thrilling effect for which even she was not prepared. For she shuddered as she realized the deathly quiet that followed its utterance and cast a quick look at Mr. Orcutt that was full of question, if not doubt.

"I was calculating upon the interview I intended to have with Mrs. Clemmens," explained she, turning towards the Judge with indescribable dignity.

"We understand that," remarked the Prosecuting attorney, kindly and then inquired:

"Was this the last you saw of the prisoner until to-day?"

"No, sir."

"When did you see him again?"

"On the following Wednesday."

"Where?"

"In the depot at Syracuse."

"How came you to be in Syracuse the day after the murder?"

"I had started to go to Buffalo."

"What purpose had you in going to Buffalo?"

"I wished to see Mr. Mansell."

"Did he know you were coming?"

"No, sir."

"Had no communication passed between you from the time you parted in the woods till you came upon each other in the depot you have just mentioned?"

"No, sir."

"Had he no reason to expect to meet you there?"

"No, sir."

"With what words did you accost each other?"

"I don't know. I have no remembrance of saying anything. I was utterly dumfounded at seeing him in this place, and cannot say into what exclamation I may have been betrayed."

"And he? Don't you remember what he said?"

"No, sir. I only know he started back with a look of great surprise. Afterwards he asked if I were on my way to see him."

"And what did you answer?"

"I don't think I made any answer. I was wondering if he was on his way to see me."

"Did you put the question to him?"

"Perhaps. I cannot tell. It is all like a dream to me."

If she had said horrible dream, every one there would have believed her.

"You can tell us, however, if you held any conversation?"

"We did not."

"And you can tell us how the interview terminated?"

"Yes, sir. I turned away and took the train back home, which I saw standing on the track without."

"And he?"

"Turned away also. Where he went I cannot say."

"Miss Dare"—the District-attorney's voice was very earnest—"can you tell us which of you made the first movement to go?"

"What does he mean by that?" whispered Hickory to Byrd.

"I think—" she commenced, and paused. Her eyes in wandering over the throng of spectators before her, had settled on these two detectives, and noting the breathless way in which they looked at her, she seemed to realize that more might lie in this question than at first appeared.

"I do not know," she answered at last. "It was a simultaneous movement, I think."

"Are you sure?" persisted Mr. Ferris.

"You are on oath, Miss Dare? Is there no way in which you can make certain whether he or you took the initiatory step in this sudden parting after an event that so materially changed your mutual prospects?"

"No, sir. I can only say that in recalling the sensations of that hour, I am certain my own movement was not the result of any I saw him take. The instinct to leave the place had its birth in my own breast."

"I told you so," commented Hickory, in the ear of Byrd. "She is not going to give herself away, whatever happens."

"But can you positively say he did not make the first motion to leave?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Ferris bowed, turned towards the opposing counsel and said:

"The witness is yours."

Mr. Ferris sat down perfectly satisfied. He had dexterously brought out Imogene's suspicions of the prisoner's guilt, and knew that the jury must be influenced in their convictions by those of the woman who, of all the world, ought to have believed, if she could, in the innocence of her lover. He did not even fear the cross-examination which he expected to follow. No amount of skill on the part of Orcutt could extract other than the truth, and the truth was that Imogene believed the prisoner to be the murderer of his aunt. He, therefore, surveyed the court-room with a smile, and awaited the somewhat slow proceedings of his opponent with equanimity.

But, to the surprise of every one, Mr. Orcutt, after a short consultation with the prisoner, rose and said he had no questions to put to the witness.

And Miss Dare was allowed to withdraw from the stand, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Ferris, who found himself by this move in a still better position than he had anticipated.

"Byrd," whispered Hickory, as Miss Dare returned somewhat tremulously to her former seat among the witnesses, "Byrd, you could knock me over with a feather. I thought the defense would have no difficulty in riddling that woman's testimony through and through, and they have not even made the effort. Can it be that Orcutt has such an attachment for her that he is going to let his rival hang?"

"No. Orcutt isn't the man to deliberately lose a case for any woman. He looks at Miss Dare's testimony from a different standpoint than you do. He believes what she says to be true and you do not."

"Then, all I've got to say, 'So much the worse for Mansell!'" was the whispered response. "He was a fool to trust his case to that man."

The Judge, the jury, and all the bystanders in court, it must be confessed, shared the opinion of Hickory—Mr. Orcutt was standing on slippery ground.

(To be continued.)

Repeating the Koran.

THE Turkish papers are recounting with pride a feat of memory just achieved in Constantinople. Two very religious gentlemen, connected with two important mosques of the city, lately got into a dispute as to the time necessary to repeat the whole text of the Koran. They finally made a bet upon the subject. The winner was to have the coat of his opponent, and the loser was to walk home in his shirt-sleeves. Both gentlemen knew the whole Koran by heart, and a large circle of friends assembled to witness the contest. In fact, the affair created quite as much interest as a cock-fight. Both started off in fine style, giving, as the papers put it, "what attention to the vocalization and the proper sense of the text as was possible under the circumstances." The man who gave the challenge was worsted. His opponent, a well-known Imam, repeated the whole Koran from beginning to end in six hours' time. The vanquished Imam, not relishing the prospect of exhibiting himself in the streets of the city in his shirt-sleeves, refused to give up his coat; and an appeal was had to the nearest police station. The inspector of police decided that the bet must be carried out to the bitter end; and the newspaper in reporting the affair gives devout thanks that the capital contains among its other perfections a man capable of doing such a great and holy work in so short a time!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—ONE of Barnum's performing elephants, worth \$20,000, died at Hamilton, Ont., last week.

—A MAN has been committed to jail in Nashville, Tenn., for failing to pay a judgment of one cent and costs found against him.

—THE Jersey City Board of Aldermen have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of beer or liquors to children under sixteen years of age.

—BISHOP KANE of Richmond, Va., has sent to this country a stone taken from Mount Olivet, which is to be used as a corner-stone to a new cathedral at Richmond.

—THE exports of breadstuffs during the year just ended were greater by nearly \$26,000,000 than during the fiscal year of 1882, and there is still a large surplus in the elevators.

—THE Government of Cape Colony, South Africa, desires to enter the universal postal union, and the assent of the United States has been recommended by the Postmaster-general.

—A SUBTERRANEAN forest, seven feet below the surface of the ground, has been discovered in Chazy, Clinton County, N. Y. Many of the trees are in an admirable state of preservation.

—TWO MAJORS and ten lieutenants in the Egyptian Army have been sentenced by court-martial to seven years' penal servitude in the Sudan for complicity in the massacres in Egypt last year.

—SPENCER ST. JOHN, the English Envoy at Mexico, has been directed to insist on the payment of the British convention debt, £650,000, before formal resumption of diplomatic intercourse.

—THERE was an attempt at suicide on the Brooklyn Bridge last week, but a policeman caught the man just as he was climbing from the footpath to the roadway with the intention of jumping into the river.

—THE fourth reunion of the army chaplains and the agents of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions was held at Ocean Grove, N. J., last week. The occasion was one of great interest to all the participants.

—THERE is a great building activity in Berlin. New museums and public buildings are in course of erection, and a street in continuation of Unter den Linden. The pulling down of the old part of the town has commenced.

—A LETTER was received at the New York Post-office, the other day, from Burlington, Mo., the envelope of which was badly defaced and bruised. It bore the official indorsement: "A cyclone struck this town last night. All the mails saved, but in this condition."

—THE general staff of the Prussian Army are employed assiduously in ascertaining the state of the frontier defenses, in anticipation of the event of Russia preparing for war. Von Moltke is trying to induce the Government to buy up the railroads commanding the frontier.

—THE Chinese have prohibited the export of bullocks for the use of the French troops in Tonquin. Two cargoes of cattle are detained at H-Huan. The French Admiral has made a strong complaint, and the British Consul has also protested, some of the shipments being by an English firm.

—EX-CONGRESSMAN DEZENBORF, in accepting the Chairmanship of the Virginia Republican State Committee, has issued an appeal to members of the party urging them to abandon the Mahone coalition and return to their place in the Republican ranks, promising reorganization, harmony and victory.

—THE great boom in hops has collapsed. The projectors were sure when they had forced the price from 16 cents to \$1.15 a pound that they could carry it up to \$1.50, and perhaps even \$2, before this year's crop came in. Now good hops are 25 to 28 cents, and choice 35 to 40 cents. An unexpected supply from Australia was the principal cause of the break.

—IOWA papers are lamenting the destruction of thousands of soft maple-trees in that State by the storm of July 16th. In Des Moines, from the scarcity of trees, the soft maple has been almost universally adopted as an ornamental or shade tree because of the rapidity of its growth, and many of them were ruined, and the streets were littered with their broken branches.

—THE Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, commonly known in England as Fat Mary, set the example of riding the tricycle. Now Victoria has ordered two machines for her young granddaughters, the Princesses of Hesse; the Princess of Wales gave her eldest daughter one for her birthday present; the Princess Louise rode, and hundreds of ladies have followed the fashion.

—THE old Capitol at Albany was sold last week to James W. Eaton for \$1,000 the only bid received. The purchase was made on behalf of the trustees of the new normal school, in the construction of which the material will be used. The statue of Justice which crowns the historical building was not included in the purchase, and has been removed to the new Capitol. The building cost originally \$110,000.

—SEVERAL hundred members of John Morgan's Confederate command held a reunion at Lexington Ky., last week, encamping on a part of the estate of Henry Clay in tents furnished by the War Department. Jefferson Davis was invited to be present, but sent a letter in which he said that ill-health prevented him from attempting the fatigue of so long a journey, and the excitement attendant upon such a joyous occasion.

—A \$75 medal is annually given to the best male Greek scholar in the high school at Newport R. I. This year a colored girl, the daughter of George Rice, the steward on the steamer *Pilgrim*, passed the best examination, but being a girl, could not be given the medal, which went to a young gentleman. A wealthy New Yorker, hearing of this, sent the girl, anonymously, seventy-five dollars in gold money. It is a remarkable fact that the best pupils in this high school have been colored girls several years in succession.

—A DEPUTATION of Irish landlords recently waited on Mr. Gladstone and asked for advances from the Government at three and three and a half per cent. to enable them to pay off loans and avoid the ruin of many of their class by foreclosure whose income has vanished. Mr. Gladstone was sympathetic to his visitors, and promised a full consideration of the subject by the Cabinet. Should the demand be granted it will cause a serious difference between the supporters of the Government, as the Radicals will never consent to the proposal.

—HANS MAKART's large painting, "Diana's Hunting Party," which was bought at Vienna in 1880 by James H. Barker, of Irvington, N. Y., has arrived at the New York Custom House. The picture measures 29½ by 13 feet. There are but two other Makart pictures in this country, one owned by Judge Hilton and the other by Catharine Wolfe, both of New York. One of the agreements under which Mr. Barker purchased the painting was that it should be exhibited in the larger cities of Europe and America. It will be placed on exhibition next Autumn.

THE LATE GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

ANOTHER veteran of the late Civil War, and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Republic, has "passed over to the majority." General E. O. C. Ord, while en route from Vera Cruz for New York, was seized with yellow fever, compelling his removal to the shore at Havana, where he died on the evening of July 22d. General Ord had been on the retired list of the army since January, 1881, but previous to that time he had passed forty-two years of his life in the service, and had made for himself a reputation for bravery and capacity as an officer which placed him in the front rank among his fellow-soldiers. He was born in Maryland in 1818, and was graduated from West Point in 1839. His first service was in the war against the Seminole Indians from 1839 to 1842, and he was rewarded for his gallant conduct in many skirmishes in the Everglades by a promotion, in 1841, to the rank of first lieutenant. Four years were then passed in garrison duty on the Eastern seaboard, until 1847, when, on the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he was sent to California and helped to maintain order there, by the arrest and summary execution of a number of desperadoes who had taken advantage of the unsettled state of the country to commit the most shocking murders. From the close of the Mexican war to the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South, in 1861, General Ord served in garrison and frontier duty in both the East and extreme West, most of his time, however, being passed in service in California. In 1859 he was promoted to be captain. In 1859 he was sent on the expedition to Harper's Ferry to suppress the raid of John Brown, and that service being completed, he went into garrison at Fortress Monroe. From here he was transferred to Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, and here he was stationed when the Civil War was initiated. He became a brigadier-general of volunteers in September, 1861, and was placed in command of a brigade of the Army of the Potomac. He defeated a rebel force under Stuart at Dranesville, Va., in December, 1861, and was made major-general in May, 1862. He was afterwards in command of Corinth and of the Second Division of the District of West Tennessee, participating in Grant's operations in Mississippi. For bravery at the battle of Iuka he was made brevet-colonel in the Regular Army. In the battle of Hatchie, Mississippi, October 5th, 1862, he was severely wounded. Recovering, he served on the military commission to investigate General Buell's Kentucky and Tennessee campaign. He commanded the Thirteenth Corps at the siege and capture of Vicks-



THE LATE CAPT. MATTHEW WEBB, DROWNED IN THE NIAGARA RAPIDS, JULY 24TH.

PHOTO. BY CONLEY.

burg, and subsequently was transferred to the Army of Western Louisiana. He then commanded successively the Thirteenth Corps in the Department of the Gulf, the Eighth Corps, and all the troops in the Middle Department. He then assumed the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps, and took a prominent part in the operations against Richmond and Petersburg in 1864 and 1865. He was wounded in the storming of Fort Harrison, September 29th, 1864, and for his gallantry on this occasion was breveted major-general. He was made brigadier-general in the Regular Army on July, 1866. In January, 1865, he relieved General Butler of the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina and of the Army of the James, and afterwards was assigned to the Department of the Ohio, from which he was transferred to the Fourth Military District, comprising Arkansas and Mississippi. This was in the time of the reconstruction agitation, and General Ord proved himself to be as wise as a Military Governor as he has shown himself to be brave as a soldier.

After the war, General Ord commanded the Departments of California, the Platte, and Texas, in the last of which he remained until he was retired in 1881. Since then he had made his home generally with his son-in-law, General Treviño, who was for a time the Minister of War of Mexico. A biographer, summing up the story of his life, says truly: "General Ord was known as a thoroughly unselfish man, and his character as a soldier was very high. His soldiers mingled with their respect for the general genuine affection for the man, and but few officers of the army will be so widely mourned as he will be."

CAPTAIN WEBB DROWNED.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the famous English swimmer, lost his life in an attempt to go through the Niagara whirlpool rapids on July 24th. The course he sought to go over was the same as that which the *Maid of the Mist* ran many years ago. No craft but this has ever survived the perils of that terrible channel, and no human being, save the members of her crew, ever passed alive through the rapids. The announcement that Captain Webb proposed to attempt the foolhardy feat was not generally credited, but the few hundred spectators who gathered found that it was indeed true. Shortly after four o'clock he was rowed to the centre of the river about a mile above the railway suspension bridge, took

off his clothes and jumped in. He soon entered the rapids, in which he was plainly seen by those standing on the bridge, swimming determinedly. At times he plunged out of sight and then again could be seen on the top of a huge wave. It was a thrilling spectacle and a brilliant performance. The struggle in the rapids lasted thirteen minutes, by which time Captain Webb had reached the whirlpool. Here he was seen to throw up one of his arms, as if to signal some unforeseen danger. A second later he was buried in the foaming billows, which dash upwards forty or fifty feet, and whirl and seethe as if lashed by a thousand furies. This was the last seen of the intrepid swimmer. The search continued until dark, when his manager gave him up as lost and returned to Niagara Falls.

Captain Webb was a native of Shropshire, England, and the son of a physician. He went to sea at an early age, and became the captain of a merchantman. He first attracted public notice by jumping from the Cunard mail steamer *Russia*, during a storm, to save a sailor who fell overboard. For this he received at the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh the first gold medal given by the Royal Humane Society. In 1875 he accomplished his greatest feat, swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais. The trial took place August 24th and 25th, and after a desperate struggle with the choppy sea he accomplished the distance of twenty-five miles in 21h. 45min., the best time on record. He has visited this country several times. On August 13th, 1879, he swam from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, a distance in line of ten miles. Owing to the tides and the fact that his contract would not permit him to land at the island before five P.M., he was in the water eight hours and swam in all about sixteen miles. He was a man of powerful physique, being six feet one inch tall, finely proportioned and weighing about two hundred pounds in condition. He was forty years of age. He leaves a wife and two children in England. He had accumulated \$15,000 by his exhibitions.

THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR SWANN.

EX-GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN, of Maryland, who died at Leesburg, Va., July 24th, had long been prominent in the politics and business of his State. He received his education at Columbia College and the University of Virginia, and studied law in the office of his father, who was a leading member of the Washington Bar, and during the Administration of Monroe filled the office of United States District attorney for the District of Columbia. His first public position was that of Secretary



THE LATE GEN. E. O. C. ORD, WHO DIED AT HAVANA, OF YELLOW FEVER, JULY 22D.

PHOTO. BY BRADY.



MARYLAND.—THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR THOMAS SWANN. PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



NEW YORK.—THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT NIAGARA, SCENE OF CAPTAIN WEBB'S FATAL EXPLOIT, JULY 24TH.—FROM A PHOTO.



GERMANY.—BUST OF GOETHE, INAUGURATED IN CARLSBAD, JULY 5TH.

to the Neapolitan Commission, during General Jackson's Administration. In 1847 he became President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and held that position for six years while the great enterprise of building that line was being carried through. After resigning in 1853, he was elected President of the Northwestern Virginia Railroad Company, from which office he was, in 1856, elected Mayor of the City of Baltimore and re-elected in 1858. While the war was in progress he was elected by the Union Party, then in power, Governor of the State of Maryland, and took his seat as Governor Bradford's successor on the 1st of January, 1865. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator on the expiration of the term of Mr. J. A. J. Crosswell, but at the earnest solicitation of many of the leading citizens of the State, he resigned the position and remained at his post as Governor until his term of office expired, January 1st, 1869. In November, 1868, Governor Swann was elected by the Democratic Party as Representative of the Third Congressional District of Maryland in the Congress of the United States, and was re-elected in 1870, 1872, 1874 and 1876. Since his last term closed in 1879, he has lived in retirement. It was a peculiarity of Mr. Swann's that he would never tell the exact date of his birth, but a member of his family by marriage, who was for many years closely in his confidence, puts his age at seventy seven.

STATUE OF GOETHE.

THAT the memory of the greatest of German poets, Goethe, is green in the souls of his countrymen is manifested by the recent unvailing of the poet's bust, at the picturesque and liver-healing town of Carlsbad. The house, "Zu den drei Mohren," where Goethe dwelt, at Carlsbad, is reverentially cared for, while the "Goethe Platz," the "Goldenen Brunnen," etc., etc., recall the son of song at every turn. Carlsbad is interwoven with the life of the poet, and the worthy citizens never tire in the task of honoring his memory. The bust which has lately been erected is a work of supreme art. It represents Goethe at his best. "Faust" had taken the world by storm, and the Broken was the happy hunting-ground of the disciples of the great author. The thoughtful brow, an eye gathering in a quiet harvest; a mouth, passionate, yet pliable—all tell the story of the man upon whom descended a spark of the Promethean fire.

THE MONUMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE statue of the Republic which has been erected in the Place de la Republique, in Paris, to commemorate the taking of the Bastille, July 14th, 1789, is 9 metres high, and with the pedestal 28 metres. At the base a gigantic lion is couchant. Behind him is the urn of universal suffrage; on the other side a shield with the date 1789. Twelve bas-reliefs illustrating different scenes in the history of the Revolution and of the Republic surround the pedestal, upon which are engraved the arms of the City, and this inscription: "To the glory of the Republic of France, the City of Paris." But four of the reliefs

are finished; yet, as regards their subjects, these are the principal ones: "The Oath on Palm Sunday," "The Taking of the Bastille," "The Night of the 4th of August," and "The Fête of the 14th of July, 1880." Three statues, Law, Justice and Peace, are seated at the base. On the summit of the pedestal are the democratic watchwords "Liberty," "Equality," "Fraternity." Garlands of gilt laurel leaves relieve the different portions of the monument, and the statue of the Republic crowns all. The Republic is represented by a woman of calm expression, adorned with a Phrygian cap, the head bearing a crown of golden oak leaves. With her left hand she presses the folds of a large mantle against her breast, while with her right, outstretched, she extends the branch of olive.

A RUSSIAN MENU.

THE Russian coronation banquet on the 15th of May was an occasion of grand and stately ceremonials. Their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of All the Russias entered the banqueting-hall of the palace at three o'clock in the afternoon. Here were assembled the members of the Holy Synod and of the higher orthodox and heterodox Churches, as well as dignitaries of the two first classes designated to take part in the coronation. Five tables literally groaned beneath the weight of the historical gold plate, which is zealously guarded in the arsenal, while vessels of gold of modern style were placed as decorations to the left of the throne. The Emperor and Empress dined apart on the dais beneath the throne. They were waited on by the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis and George Alexandrovitch, with Prince Waldemar of Denmark. The following grand dignitaries, who bore the dishes, also waited on their Imperial Majesties: The Grand Marshal of the Palace, the Grand Master of the Horse, the Grand Chamberlain, the Arch Marshal, the Arch Master of Ceremonies, etc., etc. Upon an order given by His Majesty, the Arch Marshal, the Grand Marshal, the Arch Master of Ceremonies and the others quitted the banqueting-hall to



DON FRANCISCO BARCO, SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE JULY 29TH.

The roads built in Asia Minor are built by forced labor. Every man has to work a certain length of time on the roads of his neighborhood. This seems reasonable enough as a regulation. As interpreted by the authorities, however, it seizes men within fifty or, in some cases, seventy-five miles of a given road, and forces them to work for such time as may seem desirable. Of course, the wretches thus impressed have to furnish their own transportation to the scene of their labors, and their own food. The three days' road duty thus involves a loss of some two weeks' time, and an amount of physical hardship which no Saxon would submit to for a moment. The worst of it is that, through the incompetence of the overseers, the labor often goes for nothing. These men stake out the road, have the stone brought and broken, and smooth over the surface in a laudable manner. But if there is a ditch to be crossed they leave it for some future effort. If they reach a marshy region they skip it and begin again on the other side. Or if they strike a mountain slope they build the road square up to its foot and commend the traveler to Providence for the means of getting over the mountain-top. Then they proclaim the road to be finished and leave it to its fate. A few rains out it all up, the caravans avoid it as a snare and a delusion, and in due time complaint reaches the Governor as to the state of the road. That functionary proceeds to the spot, calls imprecations on the heads of the men who did such work, and summons the unhappy populace to new efforts in the line of road-making. The roads which are made under competent superintendence are beginning to be a blessing to the people. But many are the bitter experiences they have had to endure before gaining so much of improvement.

A MISER'S WILL.

THE will of Miss Barbara Scott, a wretched old woman who inherited several fortunes, and increased them by every means which her miserly instincts could devise, has been upheld by the Superior Court in Montreal. McGill University gets \$40,000, and various hospitals, churches and charitable institutions receive the rest. For years before her death she lived isolated in the old family mansion in the suburbs of the city, until the dirt and filth became so intolerable that the Board of Health was forced to interfere. She refused even to employ a female domestic, but allowed an old man to visit the house daily to do chores. She died without an attendant, and, when the executors took possession, thousands of dollars were found rolled up in scraps of old paper. Not the least remnant of food was discovered in the house, and the doctors thought she starved herself to death. The relatives, who were practically ignored, tried to break the will on the ground of insanity, but the Court held that the testatrix was of disposing mind, though eccentric.



FRANCE.—THE MONUMENT OF THE REPUBLIC, ERECTED ON THE PLACE OF THE REPUBLIC, IN PARIS.

return bearing the dishes, each guarded by a javelin-man in full panoply. A flourish of silver trumpets announced that the dishes were handed to the Grand Dukes, another flourish when they were placed before their Majesties, and a tintamarre when their Majesties tasted the first dish. We give the menu in fac-simile, save as to color. It was dull gold as to background, and illuminated in the most vivid colors.

SUICIDE OF THE SPANISH MINISTER.

A STARTLING suicide occurred in New York city early on the morning of July 29th, when Señor Don Francisco Barco, the Spanish Minister to this country, shot and killed himself at his rooms in the Albermarle Hotel. Señor Barco had come on to New York from Washington about ten days before, and was to have sent his wife and daughter last week to Paris, where they were going to visit his married daughter. His wife and daughter were spending the intermediate time at the watering places, while the Minister was arranging for the sale of his horses and carriages and furniture in Washington. Nothing unusual was observed in his demeanor, and it was therefore an entire surprise when his secretary, going to call him for early Mass a few hours after leaving him in entire health, found him a corpse, with a pistol-ball through his temple. Señor Barco came of a wealthy family, was well educated, highly accomplished, and had a most honorable record. He was exceedingly popular in Washington. He was fifty-two years old.

PROGRESS IN TURKEY.

TURKEY does make some progress, in spite of all grumbling to the contrary. During five years the Government has very much improved its financial position. Its revenues are more honestly collected and more strictly accounted for, in at least some departments. Changes in the more important of the provincial administrations are less frequent than ten years ago. Officials thus have more time to become acquainted with the details of office routine. Public works are being pushed very considerably. In Asia Minor a number of carriage-roads have been added to the thin list of such facilities. The Government has bound itself to connect, within a couple of years' time, its railroad system with the Austrian railroads, so as to admit of a lightning express from Constantinople to Paris. All these matters are clear gain, with which may also be reckoned the slaughter of a certain number of brigands who have too hardly tried the patience of the provincial authorities. Yet the people still groan under a burden of increasing poverty. Trade does not revive. Increased vigilance in finance means further grinding down of the peasants in the interior, and too often involves absurd hindrances to lawful trade. Some of the peasants have shown a desire to emigrate to America. But this device has been checked by the local authorities, who have refused to allow a man to stir unless he can give bonds for the payment of all the taxes which may be expected to fall on him in the future, for he cannot escape taxation by emigration.



RUSSIA.—MENU OF THE IMPERIAL BANQUET IN THE DIAMOND CHAMBER. (OVERSE.)



RUSSIA.—THE MENU OF THE IMPERIAL CORONATION BANQUET. (REVERSE.)

Animals in Norway.

A WRITER in the London Times says: "There is a salient feature in the Norwegian character which ought to be recorded—viz. kindness to domestic animals, which in that country are treated as the friends rather than the slaves of man. As a result, vicious horses are unknown; foals follow their dams at work in the fields or on the road as soon as they have sufficient strength, and thus gently accustom themselves to harness. Horses are trained to obey the voice rather than the hand, bearing reins are not used, and the whip, if carried at all, is scarcely ever made use of. Great care is taken not to overload carts, especially in the case of young horses, and, consequently, a broken knee is rarely seen, and the animals continue fat, in good condition and capable of work till the advanced age of twenty-five or thirty. So tame are the Norwegian horses and cows that they will allow casual passers-by to caress them while they are tying down. Even domestic cats will approach a boy with confidence, knowing that no chasing or worrying awaits them. One very hot summer's day I met a woman holding up an umbrella to carefully screen what I supposed was a little child at her side from the scorching rays of a mid-day sun, while her own head was covered only by a handkerchief. In driving by I tried to gain a glimpse of her charge, and found, to my surprise, that the object of her care was a fat, black pig. The question of humane methods of slaughtering animals has lately been prominently brought forward in England. In this the Norwegians show us a good example—they never use the knife without first stunning the animal. In the above remarks I am alluding to the country districts of Norway; in the towns the national characteristics become modified, even though under these conditions kindness to animals is still remarkable."

The Oneida Community.

JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES, the founder of the Oneida Community in New York, who fled the State about a year since to escape indictment, is now an exile. The last heard of him he was at Clinton, Canada, near Niagara Falls, living with his wife, although three others of the Community women went with her when she joined him. The Community at the time furnished him a home and funds. Noyes was the autocrat of the Community. His word was the law from which there was no appeal. Since the departure of Noyes the "Family," or Community, has been governed by a committee of ten men and ten women, who consider all questions arising and direct all business. They have abolished the mixed-marriage system and adopted the monogamic relation. Many wedding ceremonies have been performed, and those who were married previous to entering the Community are again living together. The functionary who links the couples is an ex-Episcopal minister, who has for fifteen years been a member of the Community.

Royal Cradles.

THE lately born Infante of Spain, Mary Theresa Isabel, sleeps, wakes and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell and lined with the palest of pink satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alençon lace specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a couched and tiny pillow, on both of which the lilies of the House of Bourbon and the Y of her pretty name, Isabel, are laced and interlaced. The other new royal baby, the young Hereditary Prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as becomes a hardy young Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, if wished, and sheltering the little prince, and is well provided with down-stuffed accessories.

Georgia Prosperity.

NO STATE in the South sends forth more swelling and gratifying statistics than Georgia. Its agricultural growth is marvelous. A statement lately published in the Augusta Chronicle, contrasting the product of 1870 with that of 1882, shows "an increase of over 200 per cent. in corn, 600 per cent. in oats, 200 per cent. in wheat, 75 per cent. in rye, 100 per cent. in Irish potatoes, 800 per cent. in cane and sorghum, 400 per cent. in sweet potatoes, and a similar increase in the yield of other farm and garden products. In 1870 Georgia raised 473,934 bales of cotton; in 1880, 8,441 bales—an increase of nearly 100 per cent. in ten years, and ranking her as the second producing State. In 1882 the cotton production grew to 925,443 bales, which increase was accomplished with a diminished acreage. Horses have increased 20 per cent.; mules, 51 per cent.; milch cows, 36 per cent.; and other cattle, 32 per cent.; sheep increased 26, and swine 49 per cent. In 1870 Georgia had 70,000 farms; in 1880 she had 139,000. The estimated value of farm products in 1870 was \$80,000,000; in 1880 it swelled to \$125,000,000."

A Great Russian Fete.

THE fete at Petrofsky Park, near Moscow, on July 24, in honor of the coronation of the Czar, appears to have been a colossal affair. The land upon which the entertainments were given embraced hundreds of acres. There were four immense theatres in which performances were given—a circus performance, ballets, pantomimes, and processions of horsemen. It is estimated that fully 1,000,000 persons were at the fete. One hundred and forty wagons loaded with barrels of beer arrived on the ground during the morning, and by noon all of this supply of beer had been exhausted. The Czar and Czarina on their arrival in the park during the afternoon were received with deafening cheers by the multitude. Large numbers of peasants had walked from the distant provinces to attend. One of the features of this immense gathering was the lack of disturbances, the people throughout the day behaving in a most orderly manner.

The Library of Congress.

THE Library of Congress now contains, as nearly as can be ascertained, 640,076 books and pamphlets, an increase of about 87,000 last year. More than 130,000 volumes of the books are now "necessarily stored in heaps in various rooms connected with the Library or are placed in double rows on the shelves." Of the 59,964 volumes of books added to the Library last year, 11,160 were bought, 12,297 were copyright deposits, 27,045 were presented by Dr. Toner, of Washington; 6,712 were received from other donors, and 2,770 were received from exchanges and from the Smithsonian Institution. Within the year \$18,551 was received on account of copyright fees, the whole number of copyright entries being 22,918.

In the year the fifth volume has been published of the original documents in French, relating to the French discoveries and settlements in the Mississippi Valley and the northwestern parts of America. One more volume will complete this series, and it will be finished this year, together with an atlas of maps.

FUN.

THE chairman of a political convention can sympathize with the umpire of a baseball game.

It is true that diseases may be conveyed by books, thousands of families will remain healthy.

Times have changed since Pope wrote: "Then worth made the man." Now he only makes women's costumes.

One of the quickest ways to find out clearly whether you love a girl or not, is to try to teach her to play lawn tennis.

Ambition is apt to become old before it reaches its goal. That may be why there are so many silver threads among the coiled.

A Chicago parrot cries out every time the door opens, "—the book agent?" And yet some people would have us believe that a parrot talks only at random.

"Prisoner, what have you to say in your defense?" [The accused had murdered his best friend.] "Well, judge, my friend always wanted to die a sudden death."

"Is your vessel your home?" asked a lady, addressing a man-of-war's man. "It is, ma'am," replied the seaman, "in times of peace, but when we're in close action we're only boarders."

Health journals insist upon people reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

"NINETY-FIVE in the shade in the city," murmured the seaside landlord. "Gracious, but how I do pity those poor town people! Here, John, tell the head clerk to advance the rates \$1 per day."

THE Medical News says there are few physicians in New York who make more than \$5,000 a year. It is strange they don't bring out a liver-pad or lung-renovator and make a fortune in three years.

ONE hundred million tons of water pass over Niagara Falls every hour. This seems like a lamentable waste; but, until a water-meter is attached to the cataract, there is no possible way to prevent it.

A BROOKLYN colored man who was having an affidavit prepared for him to swear to was asked by the notary how he spelled his name. "Nebber mind the spelling," said the dusky affiant, "Jess put it down."

Is modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. As a consequence, not infrequently soon after marriage he makes up his mind that he never wants to see it again.

THE average young lady wants at least four feet of seat in a street-car for a ride of six blocks, but she will ride half a day Sunday squeezed into a buggy-seat beside her young man and not find the least fault.

PROFESSOR (to a young lady student)—"Your mark is very low, and you have only just passed." Young Lady—"Oh, I am so glad!" Professor (surprised)—"Why?" Young Lady—"I do so love a tight squeeze."

A VERY modern baby having heard some one speak of the sacraments of the Church, asked his mother for information. "Are there any of them left, mamma?" "Certainly, there are always some." "Because I heard them say, yesterday, that the lady down-stairs had just received the last."

"THE MANHATTAN" for August amply redeems its promise, and justifies the expectations of its friends. Among its contributors are Julian Hawthorne, Kate Fields, Philip Bourke Marston, William H. Hayne and other well-known and entertaining writers. The articles on Carpets and Carpet Designing, by F. E. Fryatt, and on the Horticultural Hall in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, by Margaret P. Jones, are both fine examples, both in text and in illustrations, of the best class of magazine work, and will be everywhere received with favor.

DIRECTIONS HOW TO KILL AND CLEAR OUT ROACHES, WATER BUGS, BEETLES, ANTS, FLIES, MOTHS, BEDBUGS, ETC., WITH "ROUGH ON RATS." The dry powder, unmixed, should be sprinkled down the waste-pipe leading from sinks, cess-pools, etc., and elsewhere about and upon sinks—where it can be safely used. Repeat every night till all disappear. Mix it freely with Sweetened Water, also with brown sugar, and spread on dishes; and mix with cheese and smear about the cracks and crevices of sinks, waste-pipes, etc. Put a pint of Benzine in a bottle, add a 15c. box "Rough on Rats," put a quill through the cork and douche the mixture where bugs roost—in mortises, nail-holes, cracks in walls, etc. When far back out of reach use a metal syringe. The "Rough on Rats" will remain as a permanent irritant, and bugs will soon vacate.

For FLIES AND MOSQUITOES: Put a teaspoonful of "Rough on Rats" in a plate of water slightly sweetened with molasses or sugar, to attract the flies; stir it well several times, and stir it every day; set it up or suspend it in the room, out of reach of children. A plate in each room, kept well stirred up each day, will keep the place free from flies and mosquitoes the entire season.

For BEDBUGS: Mix with cheese or grease, and smear about their habitations, and with Benzine as above mentioned.

For MOTHS: Sprinkle under and upon edges of carpets, and at bottom of trunks and drawers.

For CATS: Cover a piece of lean meat with "Rough on Rats," cut it well in with a knife, and apply.

For CROWS, ETC.: Mix with soft bread, mush, etc. A mixture of Raw Eggs and Corn Meal, and "Rough on Rats," is sure to be eaten by Rats and Mice.

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THE LUCKY MAN.

RALEIGH AGAIN GETS THE BIG PRIZE.

In the Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, June 12th, one-tenth of the grand prize of \$150,000 was won by a Raleigh man, Mr. Gustave Rosenthal, who deserves every smile fortune may give. He sent through the express, and received the drafts on New York for the \$15,000. The transaction was a prompt one. Mr. R. has long been recognized as one of the brightest of our business men. He was born in Germany, and came to this State in 1839. In the Spring of 1861 he came to Raleigh; has twice been a member of the Board of Aldermen, being chairman of the most important committee. He has for years been Secretary of the Falls of Neuse Manufacturing Company.—Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer, June 24th.

SKINNY men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. \$1.

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ONE James Mooney, an ex-President of the Land League, complains of James Russell Lowell, our representative in England, as "un-American." Mr. Russell was born and brought up in Massachusetts, and used to write some very decidedly American poetry. But, perhaps, Mr. Mooney is not aware of these facts. Perhaps he thinks all true Americans should have been born in Ireland.

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May be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, they are the best.

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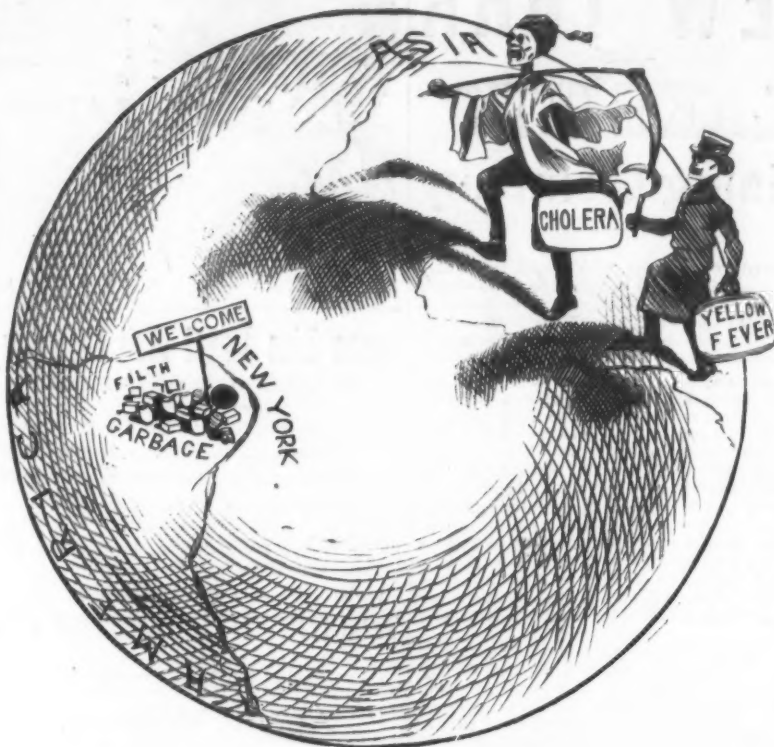
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II. Portrait (new) of George H. Wood, the champion short-distance runner of Canada, with biographical sketch.

III. "Amateur Photography for Boys," by D. J. Tapley (illustrated). Chapter V.—Developing the Negative.

IV. "Amateur Fishing-rods, and How to Make Them" (illustrated). Written for the Boys' and Girls' WEEKLY by an amateur fisherman.

V. "President Arthur's Poem." The true story of "Pray, how should I, a little lad," so often erroneously ascribed to President Arthur.

VI. "The Boy Reporter," by Edward Willett, concluded.

VII. "The White Tiger," by Louis Boussonard, continued.

VIII. "The New Don Quixote," continued.

IX. "The Late General Tom Thumb."

X. "How to Skin, Stuff and Mount a Bird in Five Minutes," by Dr. Stradling.

XI. "Packing Sardines." How children prepare the fish for market.

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